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IN DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the light of day gives place
To night with her starry beams,
A beautiful face with a nameless grace
Beside o'er my pillow in dreams.
Its coming I cannot trace,
Its going a shadow seems.

A framework of raven hair,
Dark eyes of heavenly blue,
And lips so rare seem whispering there
I am come for love of you;
This the vision strangely fair
Sleeps mirroring brings to view.

Is it a face I shall meet
In years that are yet to be?
Does a true heart beat 'neath armor complete
Locked with a mystical key,
There to wait my coming feet,
To open alone to me?

Or is it an angel bright
From the golden gates above?
In garments of light has it taken flight,
And like a wandering dove
Resting by me through the night
To tell of God's great love?

An answer I cannot trace,
But I know by wise decree,
This beautiful face with its nameless grace
With waking eyes shall I see;
If earth is not its dwelling place,
In Heaven it waits for me.

SADIE BEATTY.

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

EDITH IS LED THROUGH THE FOREST TOWARD THE OUTLAWS' HAUNTS.

We return to Edith Williams as she waited that evening by the gate. As she was about to turn to enter the house, feeling the evening damp around her, she saw dimly in the gloom the approaching figure of a man. She was so occupied with the thought that it was Frank that she did not note the suspicious and eager stealth with which the individual came near. She even extended her hand in greeting, wondering though that her lover had not addressed her, since he must have recognized her. The gate was open, and as Edith lifted her fair hand, expecting the warm clasp she knew so well, she was startled to discover that she had been mistaken—that a stranger was before her.

She would have screamed in her surprise, but with the quickness of a panther's leap the intruder sprang upon her, muffling her in a long mantle that he carried, and completely preventing any outcry. So sudden, so unexpected, so startling was the movement that ere she comprehended that she had been assaulted, she was borne from her feet and from the spot.

A pair of strong arms encircled her, and helpless, bewildered and vainly struggling, she felt herself hurried swiftly along.

A narrow lane ran from the garden through several fields down to the river bank. Along this her abductor hastened, and soon reached the shore. There a boat and an accomplice awaited him.

"Have you got the gal?" was the eagerly whispered question of the waiting man.

"You see I have," was the reply as he deposited the now swooning figure of Edith in the bottom of the boat. "And now pull lively. We've nabbed her neatly, and daylight must find her far from here."

The boat was pushed from the shore, and propelled with all the oarsmen's force up stream.

After a time Edith partly revived.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she gasped in confused terror.

"Easy now, pretty one, easy I say," spoke the man who had assailed her. "You're in trouble as you might as well know, but you needn't go to makin' a fuss about it. Don't you know me? I'm your table-cloth man. Ha! ha!" And the villain chuckled in coarse triumph.

Edith, though sick and faint with fear, had strength enough to scream.

"There, there! that won't do," cried the fellow. "Silence now or I'll have to muffle you again."

But the poor girl, mindless of this threat, obeyed a natural impulse and raised her voice in wild entreaty for help.

The man sprang upon her with an oath, and hushed her cries in the manner he had threatened. Thus cruelly silenced, she lay senseless again in the bottom of the boat.

"This seems like a rather rough piece of business," remarked the man at the oars, who appeared to be slightly touched by the condition of their victim. "But it's the captain's orders, and he knows what he's about, I s'pose."

"Don't low yourself to be worked upon, Gault," said his companion. "This here job's to be a payin' one, and without much outlay; exceptin' them table-cloths," he added with an expression of coarse hilarity. "Ha! ha! how I fooled them *thee* and *thy* folks! The gal saved me a lot of trouble too. I had counted on a long watch, and a ticklish prowl in the house, but lo! as I sidled up the back way, there she stood, actually waitin' *for* me. And she held out her hand so nice—for all the world just as if I'd been her lover. I guess it was him she was lookin' for," he concluded, with a closer approximation to the truth than he was aware of.

"Things do work just right sometimes," said the other rather sententiously. "They play right into a feller's hands, especially if you're not expectin' it. It's when you count on dead certainties that you're generally took back."

"Well, as everything seems fair now, we ought to be lookin' out for a crash. Is that your logic?"

"Yes," was the answer, given hesitatingly. "But I *don't* see how we can fail this time, unless we run afoul of some of them raftsmen. They're thick as willows along shore this spring. Attend to the gal—she's squirmin' again. What a pity, now, to jerk such a dainty creeter off in this way."

"Bosh!" interrupted the other. "Give me the oars; you're gettin' out of breath with so much tug and talk."

He took his comrade's place, and with swifter strokes urged the light craft against the current.

"What a mighty sight easier it is to row a boat down stream than up," remarked the relieved man as he watched his companion's efforts to make good headway. And after this profound observation he relapsed into silence.

For half that weary night, Edith, now reviving from the condition of half conscious terror into which her fear would throw her, now sinking again into partial oblivion, felt herself borne from home and friends. At times she endeavored to prevail on her captors to release her, using tears, entreaties and promises of exemption from the consequences of their crime, to attain her object. But they were deaf to her supplications, though they did not prevent her from making them. They only insisted that she should not cry out. As they passed the coves and harbors where the raftsmen had moored their craft, they commanded silence, but at other times left the captive free to expostulate and entreat as she chose. They only assured her that she might as well be silent.

"Where are you taking me?" she had repeatedly asked, in her distress.

But she was refused any satisfying answer.

"Oh, my dear parents," moaned Edith; "and Aunt Margaret, and Frank, and Flossa and all! what do you think has become of me. How alarmed and distressed you will be. Oh, what is the meaning of this outrage? Why should I be stolen from my home? Dear home, dear hearts! when shall I see you again?"

Exhausted at last by her fears and varied emotions, she sank into a sort of stupor, from which she did not arouse until the boat was drawn up on the shore.

The cloak which had been thrown around her when she was first assaulted, had been placed over her to keep off the damp and chill of river atmosphere. This was now removed, and that act, together with the grating of the boat-keel upon the pebbles of the shore, and the slight shock that followed, brought her back to consciousness.

"Come," said one of her abductors; "we land here."

"Oh, release me, I implore you," cried the distressed girl. "Restore me to my friends."

"Silence," commanded the man, in a stern whisper.

Turning to his comrade he said,

"We are early, but the vehicle should be here by this time. Ah! here it comes."

As he spoke, the sound of wheels was heard over the rough, stony road, and in a few moments a covered wagon was drawn up in the gloom. Not a word—beyond a mere whisper or two—was spoken between the parties who thus met. Everything seemed to have been arranged beforehand, and each knew what to do.

Edith was compelled to enter the gloomy-looking vehicle. She drew back in repulsion as she was forced to approach it; for in the star-lit darkness it appeared like a hearse—one of those hideous country-hearses which years ago were in use—but her captors lifted her in; and one of them taking his seat by her side, the door was closed.

The order to proceed was given in low tones, and immediately they were in motion. The fears and apprehensions of the captive-girl were, if possible, greater than before, but instead of yielding to them as she had in her first paroxysms of terror, she maintained sufficient self-control to give some attention to the situation.

She was really brave, and she determined to be weak no more. She wished to assure herself of the direction in which she was being taken.

Soon she felt sure that the river-road had been abandoned—she no longer felt the peculiar grinding of the pebbles and rounded stones under the wheels of the vehicle—and that a precipitous grade was being ascended. They were climbing the river-hill, to reach the country beyond!

At last the summit was reached; the whip was applied to the horses, and along the smoother road the carriage, or whatever it might be called, was rapidly driven.

Edith sank back, overcome in spite of her resolution, by the terrors of her situation. The swift roll of the wheels sounded in her ears like an unsyllabled utterance of doom. The dark, silent presence at her side was an oppression. The air of the close-covered vehicle was hot and stifling.

For an hour they sped along, and then there was a sudden halt. The door of the carriage was opened, and the man outside said,

"We stop here."

"Come," said the other, briefly, as he arose to alight.

Trembling anew, yet glad to be even thus relieved, Edith followed.

"You must go the rest of the distance on foot," spoke her guard, "unless—unless you would rather be carried."

"I prefer to walk," Edith answered, with determination, not desiring such close contact with the villain.

"Give me your hand then, and let us go. It is not far."

"Not far?" echoed the maiden to herself with a momentary hopefulness. "I cannot yet be far distant from my home. But whither am I to be conducted? Will my friends ever find me here?"

The path they were now following was narrow and uncertain. It became more and more involved and winding at every step.

"Alas!" thought Edith, "they are taking me to one of those dismal swamps which form the almost inaccessible haunts of the outlaws of the Delaware."

Such indeed seemed to be the fact. Further and further into the recesses of the waste they penetrated, leaving behind cultivated field, pastured dale and hillside, and every other token of rural civilization.

"Is it much further that I am to go?" asked Edith at last, with a plaintive little quaver in her tones that she endeavored to conceal. She was trying to be strong, we know, but it required a desperate effort.

"Only a little way, miss," said the man. "You must be getting tired; I'm willin' to carry you if you say so."

"No, no," she answered, shudderingly, shrinking away from him. "Unless I could be carried *back*," she added, pleadingly.

"Couldn't possibly, miss. You see I'm actin' under orders, and I've *got* to do this thing."

"It were better not to obey an evil master."

"Yes," he said, gruffly, "it would be best for folks not to obey the devil; but they don't seem to mind servin' him. Ain't that so?"

The captive was forced to admit that it was the case too frequently, and, as applied to her present situation, the Evil One was being served with discouraging faithfulness.

"Ah!" exclaimed her conductor at this juncture. "Here we are! Down, Tiger, down."

The latter words were addressed to a huge bloodhound that came bounding toward them in the gloom, scenting their presence with all the keenness of his species.

"You know me, old fellow," continued the man; "but this here pretty gal you don't know. Treat her civil, Tiger, and don't be too familiar at once. He won't hurt you, miss," he said to Edith, observing that she trembled as the brute brushed around her.

"What a fearful jailor I shall have, apart from my human keepers," she said to herself despairingly, as she viewed the dim, huge form of the dog.

A hut, from the low window of which streamed a ghastly tallow-light, was now approached. Without knocking or making any other demand for admittance, and without any hesitation, the man entered, leading the terrified girl.

An old woman, an utterly wretched-looking creature, bald, toothless, and altogether hideous, arose to receive them. The contrast between the two—the fair, shrinking face of Edith and the wrinkled visage of the hag, was most striking. The man did not fail to notice this difference of aspect—this contrast of youth, beauty and innocence with age, ugliness and evil—and he gazed for a moment in a stupor of admiration at the lovely captive. Edith, glancing at him, saw that he was not the pretended table-cloth peddler, as she had concluded before from his voice, though she had been struck with the fact that the voices of the two men who had conveyed her up the river were much alike.

"Take care of this young lady, aunty," said the man, addressing the superannuated crone. As the old creature was evidently deaf she could not have understood his words save by closely watching the motion of his lips, which, as the captive observed, he made as expressive as possible.

She nodded understandingly in return, and indicating by a gesture that Edith should follow her, she led her into an apartment in the rear of the one they had entered.

It was small, dingy and windowless, but a comfortable-looking bed occupied one corner, and on this, utterly exhausted, Edith at once sank.

Her aged companion beheld this act with a look of extreme satisfaction, as if it had been the very thing she would have suggested. Busying herself awhile in pretended arrangement of some of the scanty furniture of the place—though really watching to see if the girl slept—she then left the apartment.

Edith *did* sleep, distressing as was her situation. Blessed forgetfulness fell upon her; in dreams she was again in her quiet chamber at home, and the events of the night were to her as nothing. Blissful unconsciousness! but, oh, terrible the awakening must be!

Is it kind in Nature thus to temporarily relieve us of our sorrows? Were it not best that their keen presence should be felt until the burden can be entirely lifted? What mercy is there in a reprieve that draws us up from the depths of our despair only to plunge us down deeper at last? Yet, Nature knows best; a temporary relief is better than the continual strain. If these moments of happy forgetfulness did not come, what a weary round would be the lives of many of us—not of those to whom as to Edith a single, sudden trial comes, but of those whose chief existence is made up of painful and soul-trying experiences. Then welcome forgetfulness, welcome oblivion, welcome *madness*, if they relieve our burdened consciousness. Welcome the sun-burst though the thunder-burst follow; welcome the calm, though tempest succeed it.

When Edith opened her eyes, it was morning—bright, heavenly day-time, as she saw by the sun-light that streamed in at the open door of the hut and across the floor of the next apartment to the one she occupied.

She awoke in the most bewildered state of mind imaginable, as may be presumed.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed as she glanced wildly about on the unfamiliar surroundings. "What a dreadful dream I must have had! Oh, I am not awake yet. Father! mother!" she called, "come to me."

But instead of the coming of those dear ones, the unprepossessing mistress of the establishment appeared. The sight of that witch-like being recalled the whole experience of the night.

"Ah! I remember," she cried with a gasping sigh. "*I was stolen.* Oh, that I should awake in this fearful place!"

She calmed herself after awhile, arranged her disordered dress as best she could, and going out, bathed her face and hands in some fresh water that the attending crone provided.

Feeling somewhat refreshed, but reflecting sadly on her situation, she re-entered the hut.

Half an hour passed, and she heard a man's footsteps without. She retreated to the rear apartment of the hut, and leaned in a dejected attitude against a huge old-fashioned bureau that stood on one side of the room. She supposed that the man who was entering was her companion of the night, and as she had no hope of inducing him to release her, she did not wish to meet him.

After a momentary pause, the footsteps crossed the floor in the direction of her retreat. Would the fellow disturb her privacy? The door—which she had closed—was opened. She did not at once lift her head, but stood with her unbound hair falling over her neck and shoulders, hiding her face from the intruder.

"Ha! my pretty maid!" he said with triumph and threatening in his tones, "we have met again."

She raised her frightened face to meet his gaze.

As she did so, an instantaneous and startling change occurred in his countenance. Amazement, surprise and disappointment were there depicted.

A fearful oath escaped him.

"Curse their blundering work!" he cried. "Here's a go I little expected. Curse the fools; *they've nabbed the wrong girl!*"

The man was Irvin Gaines. He had expected to find in that apartment the person of Flossa Gordon.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INEFFECTUAL APPEAL.

Edith was greatly surprised by the strange behavior of Gaines. She did not comprehend his explanatory words, mingled as they were with oaths and angry imprecations. They had been hissed rather than spoken.

"Who are you, girl?" he savagely demanded.

The question was a new surprise, but she answered with as much composure as she could command:

"My name is Edith Williams."

"I knowed it," he cried to Edith's further bewilderment. If he knew it, why should he ask? "You see, my sweet miss, there's been a queer mistake. You've been carried off instead of that other girl. It comes of you both having such golden hair may be—yet, how *could* any fool blunder so? That fellow pridin' himself on doin' the job so sleek and quick too!"

It was all plain to Edith now; Flossa had been the intended victim, but had escaped through the over-confident haste of the man engaged to abduct her. Her heart lightened and her face brightened as she realized the facts.

Irvin Gaines still stormed and raved in the fury of his chagrin. Edith cowered at this exhibition of his wrathful disappointment, venturing no questions, but timidly replying to his own when he addressed her.

At length he grew calmer, though his mood was perhaps none the less dangerous. The fair prisoner took advantage of this lull to ascertain what disposition was now to be made of her.

"Since I have been taken from my home through this strange inadvertence," she said, "may I not hope to be at once restored to my friends?"

The villain paused thoughtfully before he replied. Then he said:

"You're a pretty, innocent thing, and we hain't got any reason to do you any harm. But that there other girl we *must* have."

Edith paled with apprehension for her young friend as she heard this declaration.

"Why should poor Flossa be so hunted and persecuted?" she ventured to ask.

A savage glare shone in the eyes of Gaines.

"That's *our* business," he answered, blazing up again. "We've found her out, and we'll catch her yet, if we have to wait and watch a year. Having spoken so plainly with you," he continued, with a wicked blandness of tone, "you see it won't do to let you go until we've laid sure hands on the other. You would of course give warnin', and then the girl would be hustled off to some place where she couldn't be found."

Edith's heart sank within her at this prospect of detention of herself and of danger to Flossa. It was a great relief to learn that no evil had been intended herself, but if she must remain a prisoner while those wicked men sought her friend, and be released only with the knowledge that they had seized their victim, the distress of her situation would be little lessened.

"That young girl that you folks," resumed Gaines, "have taken to your bosoms so, don't belong to them parts nohow. She's lived among the hills, and civilization won't suit her. *She's my niece*, and of course I feel bad without her; must have her, you understand."

The gentle Quakeress was shocked at the cruel, sneering levity of these words. She did not express her disbelief in the assertion that Flossa held the designated relationship to Gaines, but she resolved to make an appeal in her behalf.

"Let me ask for mercy for my dear young friend," she began. "She is innocent, defenceless and weak. Oh, spare her further persecution, and let her dwell in peace among those who have received her. She has been a witness of iniquity, but she has no desire to testify against those who have committed evil; she wishes but to know that they have turned from ways of darkness and do wrong no more. Oh, wicked man!—for such thou knowest thou art—be merciful to her and to thyself. For it is not she who will suffer most even if she fall again into thy hands; on thine own head will descend eventual punishment, far greater than any suffering thou mayst cause her to endure. There is no permanent prosperity of the wicked—the justice and judgments of Heaven are sure, its retributions will overtake thee. Turn, then, from thy wickedness in fear; and not only in fear but in the faith that there is yet salvation for thee. Thou art not wholly evil—no one is: let the good that lingers in thee, and which is covered up with sin, rise in thy heart and make thee other than thou art. Give me a promise that poor Flossa shall be no more molested. I will accept it—I will believe it, though it come from one whom an oath at other times might not be strong enough to bind. Give me thy simple word, and let *her* go undisturbed though I be kept a captive. Oh, say that it shall be as I implore."

She had advanced a step or two toward him as she spoke. Her features glowed with a glorious light and her eyes were filled with a pleading look, such as an angel might wear when calling on some fallen mortal to arise. Her rich young voice trembled with the force of her emotion, and the eloquent words sounded in that low room with a thrilling earnestness that a prophetess might command. There they stood—the fair, young girl and the sinful man. The first expression of his countenance was contempt and hardness; an admiring look succeeded; but as she went on, a dropping of the eyes, an involuntary quiver of the muscles of the mouth, and an uneasy shifting of his position, told that he was more deeply moved than he could conceal.

Edith saw the effect of her words, and she hoped that the heart of the outlaw was touched.

And for a moment—a moment only—it was. Then the old dark look settled on his face, and she knew that he would not relent.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "That's fine sounding, but I'm not to be balked that way."

And turning, he left the apartment.

For an hour after his departure Edith was left to herself, and then the old crone came and intimated that breakfast was ready. She followed the woman out, and sat down to a wretched and scanty meal. She ate a little bread and drank a cup of the black-looking tea.

Gaines was not at the table, nor did he appear after she had finished her miserable meal.

The woman was stupid and uncommunicative, though she gave Edith to understand that she and the blood-hound were to act as her guard, and that there was no use in attempting to escape.

As the prisoner felt assured that she was in the midst of a swamp from which, doubtless, only narrow and tortuous paths led, she did not at once meditate much upon the chances of getting away. Her mind was occupied with reflections upon the alarm and anxiety that must prevail in her home, and upon the danger that threatened Flossa. Later she began to wonder if she could escape and thus save her friend from the impending peril.

Night approached, and she resigned herself to the prospect of passing it in her prison. The great bloodhound watched closely at the door, and she looked upon him as a jailer more to be dreaded than his master.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEWS AT RAVENSWOOD—ANOTHER ALARM.

The news of the abduction of Edith Williams reached Ravenswood the night of the event.

Mrs. Montgomery, her daughter, and her guests—two or three early visitors had arrived at the island—had not yet retired.

Irene was the first to receive the intelligence from the servants, and, alarmed and wondering, she sought her mother, saying:

"Mother, mother! Edith Williams has been stolen from her home."

Mrs. Montgomery started violently. Excusing herself to her guests, she hastened from the parlor, whispering wildly to her daughter as they passed through the hall:

"What does it mean? *Edith* abducted!"

"So the messenger stated."

"How strange!"

The two entered the unlighted library.

"What *is* the meaning of this, Irene," repeated the mother.

"You said—you said," faltered the daughter, in an undertone of caution, "that *she*—the woods-girl—would soon mysteriously disappear; but surely no harm could be intended Edith?"

"No—no; there must be some fearful mistake, unless those I have trusted have proven false. It is all a wretched business, Irene; I am forced to hold intercourse with characters who are notorious criminals. They may yet betray me, either by blundering or deliberate treachery. I have ven-

tured on dangerous ground; yet we *must* get rid of that girl. I thought I had planned her successful and quiet removal. But this is the astounding result of the attempt, I verily believe; Edith Williams has been seized in mistake, and our enemy left behind."

She had shrewdly guessed the truth.

"Oh, dear!" lamented Irene. "When will our troubles end? Why did that creature ever come to make us so miserable?"

"It is useless to continue in that strain. We must look the facts in the face—and if we fail once or repeatedly, try again."

"Somehow—somehow I feel as if there is to be a terrible ending of all this."

"Hush!" breathed Mrs. Montgomery, impressively. "Don't think of such a thing. Don't mention your forebodings, even if you feel them. I mean to win in this game, and I will—or lose all. Let us go from this. Our absence may excite surprise."

"But Edith"—said Irene, who was really concerned for her friend.

"No harm will be done her, you may rest assured. Of course there will be confusion and anxiety and distress—but it can't be helped now. Such experience is pretty sure to come to all sooner of later in life. Our Quaker friends have been exempted heretofore, but their turn has come now. Let us go out."

They left the library and passed on to the sitting-room. At this point the sound of many footsteps and excited voices reached their ears.

Mrs. Montgomery opened the rear door and looked out. In the darkness she dimly saw that quite a party of men were gathered there.

Lights were brought, and then it was shown that the strangers bore a burden—apparently a wounded man.

"What has happened?" she asked excitedly.

"We've a man here, ma'am, who has been badly hurt," said one of the group, "and if you're willing we'll bring him in."

"Certainly," was the answer. "Carry him into the sitting-room and place him on a lounge. How did it happen that such an occurrence took place on the island?'

The sufferer was carried in and placed on the lounge, and in reply to the lady's question, another of the party said:

"Well, you see, ma'am, we're raftsmen, and it happened at the cove over yonder. That explains *why* we are here. As to *how*—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, no longer mystified. "Has a physician been sent for?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's like he'll be here soon."

The household of Ravenswood, wondering, excited and confused, gathered around. This new alarm—following so closely upon that from the mainland—had rather bewildered them.

"Who is he?" was asked by several.

The face of the wounded man had been partially covered, but now the concealing mantle that hid his features was lifted. The bleeding and groaning form before them was that of our old friend Starway.

His grand face, now deathly pale, was plainly revealed in the lamplight, and his broad bosom heaved irregularly as he drew painful breath.

"What can be done for him? Is he dying?' asked the mistress of Ravenswood.

"We stopped the bleeding, ma'am, before we started with him, and that's all we could do. We don't think he is mortally hurt, but he's lost a powerful sight of blood. If the doctor will only come soon, and—"

At this moment Mrs. Montgomery's guests who had been left in the parlor, hearing the voices of the throng and that confused murmur that attends the gathering of even a few excited persons, came to the door of the apartment and looked wonderingly and inquisingly in. The speaker paused, thinking at first that the doctor had arrived.

"What has occurred?" asked the sweet voice of one. It was Mrs. Wilburton, a lady of most refined appearance and quiet, gracious presence.

"A wounded raftsman has been brought here, Mrs. Wilburton," said her hostess. "Do not approach; you would be shocked to behold his condition. We are awaiting the coming of the physician, hoping that he will be in time to save him."

"He is very seriously injured then," she said, and as she spoke, notwithstanding Mrs. Montgomery's admonition, she gently pressed forward.

Her eyes rested on the white, pain-marked face of the sufferer. *His* eyes were closed, and he knew nothing of what was transpiring around him. The lady gave a slight start as she first beheld him; paused in wondering uncertainty; then moved nearer to him, and finally with a look of recognition fell fainting toward him.

"My God!" she cried; "it is *he*—it is my long lost husband!" Then fresh confusion reigned.

The utmost surprise was depicted in the faces of all.

"What is this mystery?" exclaimed Mrs. Montgomery; but she retained sufficient presence of mind to attend to her guest. She directed her to be conveyed to an upper chamber, where means were taken to bring her back to consciousness.

Starway, by whose side the physician now was, had not heard that cry of agonized recognition—knew not that the eyes of his once idolized wife had beheld his face once more.

"Not a word to him of this if he should revive," cautioned the doctor. "It is well that his state of insensibility lasts, for the slightest shock would kill him. He is exceedingly weak, and his wound in itself is dangerous. Who is the lady who was so overcome at the sight of him."

He addressed the inquiry to Irene.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered, rather wildly. "I don't know anything—so much has occurred to-night to confound me."

"I do not wonder at your bewilderment, but you certainly know the name of your guest?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Wilburton."

"Can Dr. Kirke leave his patient for a time?" asked Hildah, the serving woman, at this moment, appearing in the doorway. "Mrs. Montgomery requests his presence up-stairs."

In response he immediately arose, motioning one of those present to watch the wounded man, and followed Hildah.

He found Mrs. Wilburton reviving but violently agitated and apparently distressed.

"Can I do anything for you?" he kindly inquired.

"I must go from this house," she faltered. "I cannot remain under the same roof with *him*."

Her hearers gazed upon her in silent amazement.

"Is he—is he not your husband?" asked her hostess, at length.

"Yes," she replied with an evident effort. "But I cannot meet him—I cannot explain why. It is mystifying, it is discourteous, I know, but you must pardon my conduct under the painful circumstances of the case."

"We would not possess ourselves of any secret you would withhold from us, madame," said Dr. Kirke respectfully, "but I trust there is no necessity for your immediate departure from this house. Mrs. Montgomery will protest against that, I am sure."

"I am shocked at this occurrence, Mrs. Wilburton," spoke her hostess, "but you shall not leave us. This wounded man can be cared for here, and know nothing of your presence. Return now, and see what the morning will bring forth."

The doctor, with a bow, withdrew, and Mrs. Wilburton was conducted to her own chamber.

What her reflections were when she was there left alone we leave the reader to imagine. What fearful reason existed to cause her to regard with fear and abhorrence the noble man who lay below?—from whom long years ago, though his arms would have held her in a clasp of more than human love, she had withdrawn as from a contaminating presence.

Ah! life is full of dark secrets, and this was one of them.

Dr. Kirke, descending to his patient, found him still unconscious. In this condition he was conveyed to an apartment in the house remote from Mrs. Wilburton's, and there he was to remain until he could with safety be removed from the island.

"How did this sad affair happen?" inquired the doctor of one of the raftmen as the latter were about to depart for their encampment.

"It's a short story, doctor," replied the man, "though it may not be altogether satisfactory to you. You may know that landing-places along this part of the river aren't any too plenty, and sometimes there's a lively push in getting staking room. We all want to tie up at the usual hour, and when we're running thick, and caves, as I've said, are scarce, considerable crowding is apt to be seen. Starway, doctor, is a peaceable man, and would be the first to give way to another, provided he wasn't *pushed*. But he won't stand that, nor should any man. It seemed as if there was some rongha over there to-night, who were determined to make mischief. A ruffian, you know, hates a quiet man just as a thief does an honest one. It may have been that, or it may have been something more—I can't say—but to come to the point, a row was brought about. It wasn't *our* fault, as I will say, though you may think that's easier said than proved—leastwise Starway wasn't to blame. But we fought, doctor, worse than they ever did on the Susquehanna—and they're said to be a wild set there—with fists and boulders at first, in the reg'lar way."

"Ah," remarked the doctor, "I have heard that you raftsmen indulged in such amusements occasionally."

"This wasn't any fun," resumed the speaker, "for pretty soon some coward fired on us—ball and buckshot—and Starway fell, dead as we thought at first. But we beat 'em off, doctor, we did, and sent 'em howling down the river. May they have to pass Bell's Falls in the darkness—they don't deserve a safe passage either."

"Since they were the aggressors," said Dr. Kirke, "perhaps it will be their punishment to meet with disaster there. Were they honest lumbermen, do you think?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked the man, sharply.

"I mean to inquire if you believe they are regular raftsmen, or whether you suspect them to be rascally pretenders. You are aware that it is supposed by many, that some who run rafts now-a-days are really engaged in a less reputable business."

"I understand; and since you've asked, it's my opinion that those fellows belong to Rick's band. He has his men scattered the whole length of the valley, from head-waters to tide-waters, afloat and ashore."

"Yes; this organization of villains is a serious concern. Now, in regard to this man—Starway—do you know much about him?"

"Very little, except in a general way. He's a royal fellow—though most of us think he's a little cracked here."

The speaker raised his hand significantly to his forehead.

"I don't know about his head," said the doctor, "but his body is certainly in a very damaged condition at present. Poor fellow! it seems he is the husband of this Mrs. Wilburton, though they're been apart for years. A very painful and mysterious matter."

Dr. Kirke appeared to address the concluding words more to himself than any one else.

"You may go now, my friends," he continued to the raftsmen. "Your comrade is in good quarters—and I will give him my best attention. In the morning one of you had better call, and see if I have any demand to make upon your further service."

"Yes, sir," said the spokesman of the party, as they turned to go. "And we will do anything for him we can; he'd do the like for us."

And they moved off.

Dr. Kirke returned to the bedside of his patient. He found him quiet, though weak and insensible still. His life had almost run out; the fearful wound on his breast being sufficient to cause the death of a man of lesser powers of endurance.

The physician next inquired for Mrs. Montgomery, and was invited by that lady, who, at the moment of his inquiry made her appearance, to descend to the library where she would join him.

As may be supposed, she, like the rest, was in a perturbed state of mind, though her powerful self-control enabled her to conceal, in a measure, the outward evidences of her agitation.

The doctor, of course, presumed that she was most disturbed by the strange scene she had witnessed in the sitting-room; but he was mistaken, for her thoughts were more excitedly running in connection with the abduction of Edith Williams. She knew not what danger to herself—what complications might arise out of that.

As they met in the library—she and the physician—they looked at each other in that silent, expectant way that people do when they know a perplexing and momentous subject is to be introduced.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWICE MISTAKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MALCOLM ALSTYNE.

I.

"Roy!"

"Well, sir?"

Doctor Stratton read his newspaper for half a minute longer. Then he glanced over the top of it to where his son Roy was seated.

"I say, Roy," he uttered, "I think it is about time you were getting married."

"Married!" echoed Roy in astonishment. And that was all he could say.

"Yes, sir, married! Is there anything astonishing in that? You are twenty-four years of age—certainly old enough."

"But I have never given the subject any thought," expostulated Roy.

"Humph! That is no objection. I'll think for you. In fact, Roy, I have been bestowing considerable thought upon the subject during the last few days, and I may as well state that I have already selected a lady who will suit you very well, I believe."

"The mischief!" Roy exclaimed. "Am I to be married off to order then?"

"Now, Roy, keep cool," reasoned the doctor. "The lady to whom I refer is handsome, sweet enough, and very wealthy. What more could you ask?"

"Nothing, if I were matrimonially disposed. But when I haven't the slightest inclination that way, it's another matter. I don't wish to marry. I have an idea that falling in love with a woman before one marries her, is about the right thing. I am not, and never have been in love; therefore my answer."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Doctor Stratton, "that is all humbug, a romantic idea you've picked up from novels. You'll outgrow that, and live to laugh at such ideas. I don't doubt but that you would be happier with the woman I would select for you than with some chit of a girl that you would choose for yourself. Will you listen to reason, sir?"

"Go on," said Roy, looking up from his book. "I heard all you said. What's the name of this person whom you wish to see Mrs. Roy Stratton."

"Her name is Rose Doltrey."

"I never saw her."

"As it has chanced, no. Neither am I right certain that you have even beheld her brother. His name is Doctor John Doltrey, and she resides with him, two hundred miles east of here. He has been here several times, but I do not believe that you have ever been at home on the occasion of his visits. Have you?"

"I believe not," Roy answered. "At any rate I have no recollection of ever beholding the gentleman."

"Doctor John Doltrey was a college friend of mine," Doctor Stratton continued, "and I liked him very much."

"Yes, very much indeed, I should suppose," muttered Roy under his breath. "You seem to have a liking for the whole family."

Doctor Stratton was an eccentric gentleman, something beyond the middle age. He was very fond of having his own way. Roy was his only son—a handsome young fellow—good-natured and with good principles. But never, heretofore, having had anything in particular to call his energies into play, he was rather inclined to be indolent; rather too willing to take the world easy. Roy was rather smart, too, so that he might have been well qualified for any business or profession that he might have chosen. But his father was wealthy, so that there was no necessity for exertion on his part, and therefore after he had left college his life had been rather an idle one.

There was more conversation on the subject of Roy's marrying—a subject that, under the circumstances, seemed ridiculous to Roy, but one that was all seriousness to Doctor Stratton. And the idea of Roy's marrying Rose Doltrey having entered his brain it would be very hard to dislodge. *He* would certainly use every means in his power toward securing that end.

Roy, after much argument, finally effected a compromise by agreeing to go out to Doctor John Doltrey's, and paying Miss Doltrey a visit. But he stoutly averred that unless that young lady suited him remarkably well, he would forever dismiss all idea of ever trying to marry her.

The morning of the next day found Roy, valise in hand, stepping aboard of the eastern-bound train. He succeeded in getting into the ladies' car, and opening a newspaper was soon buried in its contents. For an hour he scarcely looked up from his paper. At the end of that time the train stopped. Several ladies came aboard, but Roy scarcely glanced at any of them. He looked at his watch, and then resumed his paper. Presently, however, he dropped it with a yawn. Then his eyes wandered about over the car. Almost instantly his eyes fell on a face that attracted his attention. It was the face of a young girl, smiling, fair and sweet.

She was sitting in the seat nearly opposite to him, and her gaze was fixed upon a book that she held in her hand. Roy thought that he had never beheld anything as pretty as she was. She was not more than eighteen, and looked as if she had never had a care.

Well, Roy Stratton had lived to the age of twenty-four, untouched by Cupid's darts, but at that moment an arrow from the quiver of the mischievous little god went straight to his heart. No reasoning can explain such an inexplicable thing as this. A man is untouched for years by woman's smiles, and then in one brief moment a face reaches the bottom of *his* heart.

Roy felt that if it was at all possible he must become acquainted with this lovely creature. For a quarter of an hour he watched her, casting furtive glances in her direction, but not once did he meet her eyes, for she kept them intently fixed on her book. But at length the train stopped again, and placing a book-mark in her book, the young lady shut it, and looked out of the window of the car. This was no better than before, and Roy decided on a bold move. Rising he walked across to the girl's seat.

"I beg your pardon," he said to her, "but I am so lonesome that I must speak to somebody. Please tell me what you are reading?"

The girl drew herself up a little haughtily and coldly. But looking Roy in the face, she saw that he was a gentleman.

"I am reading The Mystery of Edwin Drood—what there is of it," she returned, politely enough.

Then followed a few moments' conversation about the dead novelist and his works. They both liked Dickens.

Presently Roy gave her his card. Glancing at it and beholding "Roy Stratton" pencilled there, she gave a little start. *His* face seemed familiar—and now she understood. She had heard the name of Stratton spoken frequently, and though she had never beheld this young gentleman, she had, at home, his photograph in an album.

She took Roy's card and pencilled a name upon it. Then she held it up before him. He could scarcely believe his eyes, for there before him was "Rose Doltrey," in delicate characters. However, Roy kept calm and betrayed no astonishment. But he felt that he would be perfectly happy, if this should prove to be the Rose Doltrey to whom his father referred.

The conversation of the two continued. Miss Doltrey informed Roy that she would change cars at Grofton, the next station at which the cars would stop. She was going to W—— to spend a week with an aunt who resided there. From thence she would go to Pittsburgh to attend school.

"It is my last year," she said.

The name of Doltrey was mentioned occasionally, and frequent reference was made to home. Roy grew quite positive, in his own mind, that she *was* the Rose who was intended for his wife, by his father. If such a thing could only be! Oh, blissful thought! He wished that he might ask a few questions. But he thought that politeness forbade that he should be inquisitive. And Miss Doltrey made no reference to *that* photograph which she had in her album.

"I may be in W——," Roy said casually, "during the course of the next week. If I should, may I call on you, Miss Doltrey?"

"Yes," said Rose, feeling that her aunt could certainly have no objections to Roy Stratton. And she wrote her address on his card.

"And in a year, you may call on me at Doltrey Place," she added, graciously.

The very place to which Roy was going! Yes, this was *his* Rose Doltrey!

But Roy did not tell her that Doltrey Place was his destination, for he felt that if he should, he might have to make some explanations that would be embarrassing, just at present.

Grofton was reached directly. And Roy said good-bye to Miss Doltrey for this time.

And what do you suppose he did?

At the very next station he got off. A few hours afterwards, he was in W——. He might just as well have gone on with Miss Doltrey—but then, you know, the ways of a young man just falling in love, are not easily understood.

"During the course of the next week," Roy did call on Miss Doltrey two or three times. And, though her aunt was present, the evenings he spent with her were delightful ones. But he said nothing to Miss Doltrey about her becoming Mrs. Roy Stratton.

Ten days after Roy had left home, Doctor Stratton was seated in his library, when who should appear before him but his son!

"Humph!" ejaculated the doctor, "you stayed well at any rate."

Roy threw himself in a seat.

"Did you see her?" asked the doctor.

"Yes."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you fixed the matter all straight?"

"But I didn't!"

"Humph! Why not?"

"My courage failed me."

"Hmmph," exclaimed Doctor Stratton, rattling his newspaper. For two minutes he was silent. Then he spoke. "I suppose that you are willing she should become Mrs. Roy Stratton?"

"Yes," Roy returned. "I am willing."

Doctor Stratton said no more upon the subject. The next morning he left home, stating only that he would return in a day or two.

II.

"Send Roy to me," said Doctor Stratton to a servant.

And shortly Roy appeared.

"I started to go to Doctor John Doltrey's yesterday," said the old gentleman to his son, "but met him at Grofton. He has not been at home for a couple of weeks. Zounds! Sir, why did you not tell me you had not met him?"

Roy muttered some reply that was not intelligible.

"As it chanced, Miss Doltrey was with him," pursued Doctor Stratton, not heeding his son. "She was quite unwell, but—ahem!"

Evidently Doctor Stratton had something on his mind.

"Go on, sir," said Roy quietly.

"She and Doctor John Doltrey and I fixed up the matter."

"What!" exclaimed Roy.

"You are to be married next week."

Roy sprang to his feet. "Why, I thought—I supposed—I intended," he stammered.

"Silence!" interrupted his father. "You told me that you were willing she should become Mrs. Roy Stratton, and I took you at your word."

The old gentleman, now that he had unburdened his mind, was as cool as ever. "Richard was himself again."

"The wedding will, as I said, be next week. The word and honor of the Strattons are pledged, and you will prepare."

"But, father—"

"Not another word. You understand me. I dismiss the subject. *You told me you were willing.*"

And Doctor Stratton resumed his paper with an air that said he would not speak another word. Roy was compelled to be satisfied.

Well, the affair had not been managed as he would have wished, but still he could not help feeling blissful. Rose Doltrey to be his wife! Of course Doctor Doltrey and his father had arranged the affair, but Roy hoped that it would be pleasant to her. And she must have been taken ill very suddenly, he thought, for five days before he had left her at her aunt's in good health. She could never have gone to Pittsburgh at all.

Roy prepared for the wedding.

And Tuesday evening of the next week, found Doctor Stratton and Roy walking up the avenue in front of Dr. John Doltrey's residence.

"I will go to John's office," said Dr. Stratton, "and you can be shown into the parlor. They are expecting us."

Roy's heart was beating tumultuously. He would soon behold Rose, *his* Rose.

A servant ushered him into the parlor and retired. A woman, tall, angular,—a genuine old maid, rose to meet him.

"And this is my Roy," she said gushingly. "Welcome!"

"What!" cried Roy.

"My betrothed," she returned. "I repeat, welcome!"

"There must be some mistake," gasped Roy. "Who are you?"

"Tell me first, are you Roy Stratton?"

"I am."

"Then there is no mistake, for I am Miss Rose Doltrey."

"Madam, I fear there is," said the bewildered Roy.

"No, there is not," cried the lady. "I love you already, and will fly to your arms."

But Roy suddenly disappeared through the door. "Madam, there *is* a mistake," he shouted back. "Good-bye."

"If I stay, she'll marry me against my will," he said to himself as he made good time down the avenue.

The next day when Dr. Stratton had followed Roy home, and had met him, there was a stormy scene.

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor angrily.

"Yes," rejoined Roy, equally angry.

"You have made a fool of me."

"You've made a fool of us both."

"Doltrey will never forgive us."

"I hope he won't?"

"*You said you were willing*, any way."

"I didn't. I never saw your old maid. There's a mistake."

"Humph!" foamed Dr. Stratton, dashing his spectacles on the floor. Then for a minute his anger was too great for words.

But he found his tongue. "Old maid!" he shouted. "She is not."

"She is."

"Well, she's handsome, any how."

"She isn't."

"I, zounds! you shall marry her at any rate."

"I won't."

"Humph!"

"Yes."

"You mock me. Villain, out of my sight. I am the victim of base ingratitude. Begone!"

Roy left his presence. For a day or two there was coldness between the two. But Roy soon got in a good humor. And Dr. Stratton could not withstand good-humored Roy. He chose to seem to forget that young gentleman's offending. The subject of the Doltreys was a forbidden one, however.

A month slipped by. Three months sped away. A half year was gone. Roy had not heard from *his* Rose. A sad thought became his. Would he ever behold her again? He feared not. She had said that he might call on her at Doltrey place at the end of the year. But he felt that he would never dare go there now, after what had happened.

Almost a year had passed since Roy had beheld Rose Doltrey, when one evening his father met him as he was coming out of the house. The old gentleman's face wore an unusually serious look.

"Come into the library, Roy," he said.

Roy followed him.

"My dear son," he said mournfully. "I have to inform you that owing to an unlucky speculation of mine, we are bankrupt."

It was unwelcome news, but Roy bore it like a man. "I am young and strong," he said bravely.

Misfortunes never come singly. The very next morning Roy was summoned into his father's bedroom. The old gentleman was lying prostrate upon his couch.

"Roy," he said, "my lower limbs are completely paralyzed. I know the disease. I will live for years, but I am perfectly helpless. My misfortunes in monetary affairs have caused this."

Roy mourned more over this than he did over the loss of the money. But he strove to talk cheerfully to his father. During their conversation Doctor Stratton asked him to telegraph for Doctor John Doltrey.

And Roy did so soon as possible, after he left his father's side. That same evening Doctor Doltrey came and remained till the next day. Roy chose not to see him.

After Dr. Doltrey was gone, Roy's father sent for him to come to his room.

"Roy," said Doctor Stratton, "I want you to marry Rose Doltrey."

Roy was startled. But his father presented the matter to him in a forcible manner, telling him they must starve unless *he* married well.

"Besides, I have set my heart on this matter," Doctor Stratton concluded, "and I believe if you refuse, it will be the death of me."

That last argument forced Roy to consent as formerly to a compromise. He promised that he would go and consult Miss Doltrey upon the subject. He had a very strong hope that she would refuse to consent to the proposed arrangement.

"You will have to apologize to Doctor John Doltrey," said Doctor Stratton; "but he is good-natured, and will forgive you, I think."

Behold Roy once more at the entrance of the Doltrey residence. He would be in despair if he did not hope that his reception would be a very cold one. But even as it is he fears, for the vision of the tall Miss Doltrey rushing toward him with outstretched arms, rises before him.

He rang and was ushered in. At the parlor door he paused. His heart bounded, his pulses thrilled, his veins felt like fire. Before him was a beautiful creature, the Rose Doltrey that he loved. For a moment he stood bewildered; then he forgot all but *that*.

"Rose, my Rose!" he cried, "I love you!"

* * * * *

Dear reader, *you* may be *surprised*, but Roy succeeded in inducing Rose to consent to making the attempt of agreeably surprising his father. *She* loved him, and Doctor Doltrey being willing, they were married immediately. The fact is Doctor Stratton had smoothed the way with him. It was the niece this time instead of the sister, and he had consented that Roy might make the attempt to win *her* love. He *had* it already, and the result is seen.

Poor Miss Rose, his sister, was dead. She had died six months previously, leaving all of her fortune to her niece, named *Rose* as well as herself.

Well, Roy returned home with his bride. He found his father sitting in an easy-chair in the library.

"This is Mrs. Roy Stratton, once Miss Rose Doltrey," said Roy.

Then there was a mutual surprise. Doctor Stratton sprang to his feet and began to caper around the apartment.

"Humph!" he exclaimed, "good for you, Roy. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars with which to begin life."

"But I thought that you were bankrupt," said Roy.

"Bankrupt! humbug! just like my paralysis. I thought I'd bring you to terms. Humph!"

And Doctor Stratton kissed Rose on both cheeks. Roy laughed.

"But father," said Roy presently, "why didn't you tell me that it was Rose Doltrey, the niece, and not Rose Doltrey the sister of Doctor Doltrey, whom you wanted me to marry this time?"

"Humph! Didn't I?"

"No."

"You might have told me that Miss Rose Doltrey, the elder, was dead. You knew it, didn't you?"

Doctor Stratton rubbed the bald spot on his head vigorously.

"Humph!" he returned "Yes, I knew it! Didn't I tell you?"

"If you had told me you might have saved your little plot, for I had beheld Rose before and loved her."

"Humph!"

"Yes!"

Good-bye, reader, in a moment. Roy is happy, for instead of being once, he was TWICE MISTAKEN.

ZEDEKIAH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One morning the lark was singing sweetly in the sky, and the dew lay heavily on the grass. By-and-by the eastern heavens were tinged by the beautiful aurora, and the sun rose slowly above the horizon. The lark retired to the friendly shelter of the grass, and the dew quickly evaporated. The day had fairly set in, and a bright warm one it promised to be.

Snugly nestled on a hillside in the most fertile part of England, was an humble cottage.

On this fine morning, and in this little cot a baby was born. That baby is the hero of this sketch. It was the most extraordinary baby that ever saw the light of day, and was carefully tended by his doting mother and loving sisters.

It grew apace. Boyhood came and went like a fleeting shadow: and Zed woke up one fine morning and found himself a man. Great but vague thoughts for the first time began to steal upon his mind. He turned them over and over, till at length they took a fixed and definite form. Then, but not till then did he go to his mother and say,

"Mother, I'm goin' to Hamerica."

"To Hamerica!" cried the grief-stricken parent. "Oh, Zedekiah, don't you go to Hamerica, you are my honly son, and you might be eat up by the bears, or worser, be scalped by them Hingins." But Zed had made up his mind go to Hamerica he would. He secured a steerage passage in a steamship and started on the voyage. He arrived in this country in due time, and fate brought him here to Namreg.

His has been a remarkable life. At times, sorrow has, like an overwhelming flood, poured itself over his heart, but he, upheld by his strong and brave nature, came safely through in every instance.

Then at times that fickle goddess Fortune would smile sweetly upon him, and he poor fellow, thought his troubles over. But she is like a little fly, you think you have her, but find you haven't. So poor Zed had to begin life over again.

Zed is not a handsome man. On the contrary he is rather homely. His legs are too long and thin; his body long and not stout enough; and the same might be truthfully said of his neck.

There is one thing, however, that I will say for Zed, that is, his head contains an immense amount of solid matter. This of course makes it very heavy, and as his neck is limber, and long, his head will sag forward considerably.

If it wasn't for his cheek bones his nose would spread over nearly half his face. Luckily, however for him they have interfered, and as far as the two sides are concerned, it is kept within bounds; but the nose wanted to grow, and since it could not broaden any, it grew outward, till a merciful Providence stopped that too.

It is a law of nature that the strong shall crowd out the weak. A certain portion of a man's face is marked out for the nose; a space allotted the cheeks; so much for the eyes, and so on. Now if any of these take more than their share, some other must suffer. So it is with Zed's. What between the great nose, and large cheek bones, the eyes had a very poor chance, and are obliged to crowd themselves into the small cavities deep in the head.

Zed is so tall and thin that if it wasn't for the size of his feet he never would be able to keep his centre of gravity. As it is he wears double soles with leaden pegs as an extra precaution.

As Zed was working out his life's task, a circumstance occurred that nearly prostrated him with grief. He loved! The object of his adoration was and is a woman; young, and graceful as a witch; her hair the color of the burning coal; her beautiful teeth, the hue of ivory. In figure petite. In short she was a Hebe! He loved her with a blind devotion, and racked his brains for a suitable manner to make love to this divine creature. He chose poetry as the fittest mode. Money was invested by him in a rhyming dictionary, pens, ink and paper; but he could not make his soul flow out on paper.

Music next suggested itself. A jewsharp was accordingly purchased; then a mouth organ; but neither came up to his ideal, therefore he swapped them both for an accordeon; and soon learned to extract divine music from its wrinkled body.

But his love had an antipathy for accordeons, with a sad heart he disposed of that instrument, and procured a fiddle, and practiced on it incessantly, and hoped soon to make his appearance in public. He had his aspirations suddenly dashed to pieces by the following note:—

dear Zed:

I hear as how youve bought a Fiddle, is that So. if it Is Dont you come Sparkin me For I think a Fiddle is the devil's music.

As yours forever Sebina.

Zed read the note over and over, but could place but the one construction on it. Which was that he must sell his beloved fiddle as soon as possible, and try something else. Instrument after instrument was purchased by him, but his lady love vetoed them all. At length he bought an organ.

Sebina was delighted, so was Zed, for she came to see him every Sunday, and sometimes through the week. She practised on his organ, and Zed contemplated adding another thickness of sole to his boots to keep him in this wicked world.

Everything seemed lovely and favorable; when a small cloud at first too small to notice, rose in the distant horizon of Zed's life; soon however it assumed greater proportions, and at last entirely obscured the sunlight of happiness from his heart.

This cloud was a man. A mean dastardly villain of good form and manners, and with a fine pair of side whiskers.

He appeared in Namreg one rainy day, and carried everything before him. Ladies' hearts were as chaff or straws to him. He broke and scattered them every day.

He saw Sebina at poor Zed's organ, and made love to her on the spot. Zed's heart grew heavy, and he took off one thickness from the soles of his boots. The stranger's suit progressed, and one day to his inexpressible anguish, he saw him lead her to the bridal altar.

Zed was nearly wild, and did not shave himself for a whole week (not that it made much difference to his appearance, but every grief-stricken man neglects his beard for awhile.) At length a terrible plan filled his soul. He thirsted for vengeance, and the most effective manner of having his desires consummated, was to marry, and *prove* (!!) how little *he* cared for her.

He did marry, and now he is as happy as a rooster in a rain storm. W. E. M.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ No divorces are obtainable in Japan.

☞ Some men who are reported "to live on their wits," must live on very limited premises.

☞ Corn-cob bustles are fashionable in Bucks county.

☞ MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

☞ By an unpardonable mistake, a Detroit barber the other day dyed a customer's hair an ugly mottled green. The customer's language was emphatic.

☞ A Danbury man thinks that if it had been intended that women should be equal to men, they would have been able to whistle. There is certainly wisdom in this remark.

☞ There is a man in Pottsville, Pa., who prides himself on having been kicked out of more hotels than any other man in the United States.

☞ A horrid small boy quite marred his sister's pleasure during a recent examination of school-teachers, at Oswego, by entering the room abruptly and shouting—"Annie! your feller's down to the house, and wants yer."

☞ A Nashville washerwoman, finding in a lot of dirty clothes a new-fashioned shirt opening at the back, sewed it up, cut open the bosom and sewed on buttons, to the intense disgust of her customer.

☞ A Down-east editor alludes to himself as an "unfailing reservoir." He probably has water on the brain.

☞ "Is there any danger of the boa-constrictor biting?" asked a visitor of a zoological showman. "Not the least," replied the showman: "he never bites; he swallows his victims whole."

☞ A lady in Fort Wayne has cards out for her silver, crystal and tin weddings, which occur on the same day. Her first two husbands (divorced) have received invitations, but perversely decline attending.

☞ *Nervous old Invalid*—"Well, Miss Nipper, I think it's quite time these passage walls were re-papered." *Landlady*—"Pardon me, sir; but I was a waitin' to se 'ow your 'ealth goes on. Coffins is such things to knock the paper off a comin' down."

☞ The home circuit—Walking about with baby in the night.

☞ A waiter in New Jersey, has been fined twenty-five dollars for putting dishwater into oyster stews.

☞ Ah Sin is making himself obnoxious again, by taking the centres of gold coins out and filling the vacancy with baser metals.

☞ An out-of-town lady fell on the walk in front of the Opera-house, Monday evening, breaking one of her legs in two places, and scattering a pint or more of sawdust to the four winds of Heaven.—*Danbury News.*

☞ Mules are said to excel in kicking exploits, but at Tipton, Indiana, the other day, a horse kicked the head from a goose, and never ruffled a feather below the neck.

☞ "A bumper at parting," as the drunken man said when he ran up against the post.

☞ A marriage notice in a Vermont paper, has appended—"No cake, no cards, no divorce."

☞ The following is the account of a little trouble in Louisville, as sworn by a police officer: "That raised a row, may it please the Court, and Mr. Green he stuck his thumb into Mr. Nobb's mouth, and that thumb hasn't never been seen since. That's all I know about it."

☞ The Sons of Temperance at Live Oak, Florida, were recently agitated upon a nice and difficult point. Christmas was rapidly approaching, and the question was whether egg-nog was to be considered "a beverage." After a long discussion and the gravest deliberation, it was determined in the negative. It follows, of course, that punch, flip and other compounded drinks are not beverages.

☞ The Danbury News says that a humane mother in that place chloroforms her boy before whipping him.

☞ A British zoologist throws cold water on the hydropathic system by stating that whales are peculiarly subject to rheumatism.

☞ The ladies of Glasgow, Scotland, have petitioned for the renewal of an old law which provided that any maiden lady, of high or low degree, should have the liberty to choose for a husband the man on whom she had set her fancy. If any man refused to marry her he was heavily fined, according to the value of his worldly possessions. The only ground of exemption was previous betrothal.

My Brother Clare's Affianced.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE LA BARRE.

"She is a very beautiful woman."

"Beautiful!—she is simply superb—the most thoroughly charming woman I have ever met. I can imagine, how in the olden time, men have died for women far less lovely."

"Truly, Clare, the lady, should be grateful for so generous a meed of praise coming from you, a man endeavoring to get beyond the pale of civilization, in order to be free from woman's wiles."

"*Just* praise in every lady's due. You know, Lina, I have become utterly disgusted with the majority of women as we meet them in society nowadays; selfish, frivolous, vapid creatures who are continually throwing themselves in one's face, flaunting out the fact shamelessly on every occasion that they are in the matrimonial market, and inviting one—so far as pantomime can do it, to come and ask them to let you pay their bills, &c., and in return give one the privilege of saying, 'My wife, Mrs. so and so.' But this woman, in addition to matchless personal beauty, has genius, refinement, appreciation, and withal, such exquisite grace, and elegant, high-bred manners, as are rarely equalled. I confess I fancied myself proof against all female charms, but I really find myself blushing and trembling like a boy at his first party, if so much as a flounce of her perfumed robes touch me."

"Faugh! Clare you have gone mad over that woman's perfection. I tell you plainly, I don't believe in her. She is the perfection of *artfulness*. That she has beauty and taste and style, no one can deny, but she has an object in view, and she will accomplish it by fair means or foul. She is an unprincipled adventuress—"

"Stop, Lina; do you know of whom you are speaking?" brother Clare exclaimed, pausing in his walk up and down the balcony before me, and glaring at me savagely. "Do you know you are speaking of my affianced wife?"

"Clare Trehune, you are a lunatic! You have not, you cannot have asked this woman of whom you know nothing to marry you?" It was my turn now to spring up and glare at him in dazed astonishment, but he did not heed me, for he caught a glimpse of his inamorita coming down the beach, and before I had finished speaking, was down the steps and off to meet her.

We had been sitting, brother Clare and I, on the balcony of the Brainard House, the principal hotel at Clifton—a quiet sea-side town, where we, Clare, my husband and myself, had come to escape the stifling heats of the city, and find new life and health in the fresh, sea-side air. I had hinted of Newport or Long Branch, but my husband, who had endured two or three seasons of fashionable life at a watering-place, would not hear of it. He wanted rest, he said, recuperation, and he should find not a whit of it at either place, and my brother Clare, who had just returned from Europe, sated with dissipation, slightly blasé and disgusted with everything, declared he was going to a country farm-house, or to camp out, anywhere that he could smoke and dream, and do as he pleased—live in a state of primitive barbarism, and not be bored by having to be polite and agreeable to any feminine being. So we had persuaded him to compromise between civilization and savage life, by coming with us to Clifton.

And I had found reason to be thankful that my husband had decided in favor of comfort, for the rooms were large, airy and nicely furnished, the parlors cool and inviting, there were balconies and verandahs admirably adapted to promenading and flirting, the bathing was good, and the outlook over the sea perfectly glorious. There were besides some quiet, pleasant, sensible people stopping at the house, who, like us, had studied rest and health instead of fashion, yet who had however a decided taste for billiards, croquet, dancing, &c., so that there was no lack of amusement, and the summer promised us happiness unlimited.

We had been there perhaps two weeks when one day we were all quite electrified by a "new arrival" at the *table d' hotê*, of a lady who entered the dining-room alone, but with the quiet self-possession, and high-bred composure and grace of an empress who had a retinue in attendance. She took the seat assigned her, gave her orders to the waiters in a low, exquisitely modulated voice, and went on with her dinner in superb indifference of the battery of glances that were being levelled at her. She sat a few places lower down the table, on the opposite side from our party, and I saw at once that she was something out of the ordinary line of handsome, stylish women. She was evidently too much fatigued from her journey, or had not thought it worth her while to dress for dinner, for she wore a travelling dress of some soft gray fabric, whose fit and make in no wise detracted from the soft rounded contour of her form, of that full, voluptuous style that Rubens loved to paint. She had besides just the complexion of dazzling whiteness, the perfectly outlined features, the soft melting languorous eyes, that he used to put in his pictures; and her hair, of that rare hue of glinting gold, so seldom seen, and which so many covet, was arranged in an artistic mass of braids and curls and frizzes, amid which nestled a single tuberose. "Who is she? When did she arrive? Who are her friends?" was queried about the tables in low tones, but no one had seen her come, no one knew anything about her, and the register simply gave her name and residence, "Florence Delano, Jackson."

She kept her room for the remainder of the day, and although curious eyes were watching for her appearance, not a gleam of her golden head was visible. On the following morning however, curiosity was satisfied, when the groom led round from the stables a spirited, snow-white horse, "saddled and bridled" for a lady, and presently she came down, looking more beautiful and distingué than at her first appearance, in an elegantly fitting habit of dark blue cloth, a jaunty riding hat, resting carelessly on the braids and curls of gold; and as she came down the broad staircase, carrying her skirt over her arm, with the air and step of a duchess, and sprang lightly into the saddle, a murmur of admiration fell from every lip; and when she rode away, sitting her horse with a skill and grace I had never seen equalled, brother Clare looked up from his morning paper, and with an impatient gesture threw away his cigar but half smoked—a real brand—and said, in his slow, nonchalant way, "Lina, whoever that girl may be, she is deuced handsome. Such grace, such eyes and hair I have rarely seen, and she rides as if she had lived in the saddle," and I was quite surprised to see a look of genuine interest in his sleepy eyes, as he indolently stroked his big tawny mustache, watching the snow-white horse and its rider dashing along the beach.

"As she seems in no need of an escort, you will not find it necessary to be civil to her, and you can continue on in your semi-barbarous life, and retrograde systematically, until you reach your primitive gorilla state, if you choose," I answered laughing.

"Yes, I suppose I can, and I will take my first step toward the ways of my antediluvian ancestors by going immediately to meet my honored brother-in-law and some other fellows who are going yachting without a lady aboard—oh, bliss supreme!" and he went off down toward the coast softly whistling an air from *Fra Diavolo*.

An hour or two later, Florence Delano was galloping carelessly along the road leading inland, looking off dreamily toward the sea, seemingly unconscious of all about her, and letting her horse keep his way as he liked. Suddenly the cry of a frightened child pierced the air, and but a few steps before her, almost under her horse's feet, was a little boy who had missed his footing and fallen down the steps of a cottage she was just passing. In a moment she was off her horse and had snatched the child from beneath the iron hoofs, that in an instant more would have trampled its flossy curls in the dust, and taking the little fellow in her arms began in her soft musical voice, to soothe his cries.

"I think he is more frightened than harmed, poor dear," she said, as she passed him to a lady, who with flying hair and a white face, rushed down the steps crying frantically, "Oh, my baby—my baby—my poor darling. Oh, Miss," as she took the sobbing child from Miss Delano's arms, "you have saved his life; how can I ever thank you?"

"By simply saying nothing about it," she answered, with a radiant smile. "I should have been worse than a Comanche, to have let Gyp dash the poor child's brains out, when a little exertion on my part would save him."

"Ah, yes, but your horse was going at such a rate, and you might have tripped and killed yourself. You were very brave to rescue my precious pet. It would have been my death if he had been harmed, he is all we have, and so you see we quite idolize him. And it is to Miss Delano we owe so much, I saw your name on the register at the Brainard House, and you must let me introduce you to my husband and friends, and let me see a great deal of you, for we too are stopping at the Brainard."

"Thank you, I shall avail myself of your kindness," and with an exquisite bow, she mounted Gyp who had stood quietly looking on, and was gone.

And thus had it happened that little Mrs. Guy Thurston had taken it upon herself to *chaperone* the "fair unknown," and what with her marvellous beauty, her charming manners, and exquisite toilets, she had made the acquaintance and won the admiration of everybody in the house, with the exception of two or three elderly ladies, who had some marriageable daughters on their hands, and who were not slow to throw out sly hints, and innuendoes, and wonder how Christian ladies could tolerate a woman—who in the face of society and the world, dared go even to so quiet a place as Clifton, *alone*; and at times I could not help distrusting her myself, yet no one could find the least fault with her deportment. She took long walks down the beach, and dashed off for miles on Gyp, but she always went unattended, although there were a dozen gentlemen nearly dying to accompany her.

In regard to herself and her past life she was very reticent. She was an orphan, she told Mrs. Guy Thurston, she had lived with a guardian whom she hated, about a year before she had left his house, and gone into a young ladies' seminary near Brighton, where she taught French and music. She had come to Clifton to get a whiff of salt air to brace her up for the next year's labor; she had besides a passionate love for the sea, she could find pleasure and rest anywhere within sound of its softly murmuring waves, and she preferred to find pleasure in her own way. She chose solitude to uncongenial company, she had not expected to go much in society or make many acquaintances. If people sought her she appreciated their attention, if not she was suited quite as well. This much she had told Mrs. Guy Thurston, and there it had ended, as Mrs. Thurston accepted the story, and took care that it should be well circulated through the house, and she soon took the lead in everything. She was so royally beautiful, she could be so supremely fascinating, besides being always exquisitely dressed, and yet one could hardly tell what was the charm of her toilettes. She had some sheeny shimmering silks, but they were all of a light, cheap kind, a great deal of clear muslin and white organdy, with bright sashes and ribbons, and I had seen her wear the same dress several times, but so differently arranged with muslin and tulle over-dresses that none but a critic would have noticed that it was not perfectly fresh. She wore but little jewelry, but she had flowers, no end of them, such quantities as used to come to her from the gardener at the village, tuberoses, rosebuds, heliotrope, with fragrant geranium leaves, and with her rare artistic taste she wore them as no other woman could have done.

Brother Clare had watched her from the first with deepening interest, and I could see he was not a little piqued at the calm indifference with which she treated him. It was something new, in his experience, something he had almost counted impossible, that a man who was known to be worth several hundred thousands, who was handsome and polished, and *distingué* should not be angled for by every single woman; and here was this one who gained a livelihood by teaching French and music, who held her dainty head aloft, and gave him hardly more than a sleepy glance from beneath her half-closed eyelids.

She had, however, for a week or so before the scene of which I told you at the beginning, been more gracious. She had permitted him to ride and walk with her; she had sung to him—and she sang divinely—songs full of tender passion, with eyes full of unshed tears; one had danced with him two or three times of an evening, and she had worn his flowers entwined with her tuberoses, (she always had them about her) but I did not dream that it was more than a passing flirtation. I would not believe that my fastidious brother had gone so far as actually to propose to her.

A few nights after the morning that he told me of his engagement, there was a grand ball at the Brainard, which promised to eclipse everything of the kind we had had. Invitations had been sent to the "old families" and *elite* of the village, a celebrated band was engaged, the refreshments were to be the most costly procurable, and of course the ladies were in a delightful flutter over their toilettes. As usual Miss Delano said nothing about what she was going to wear, but as various parcels had been sent to her room, and she had been closeted with a dressmaker for hours at a time, we were expecting something marvellous, for the girl's taste and ingenuity in making costumes out of ordinary material was something wonderful.

The guests were all assembled, and the band playing an inspirting galop—when Clare came in with Miss Delano on his arm, and together they moved slowly down the hall; the flirting and chatting on every side ceased instantaneously, and every eye followed them. Directly under the chandelier they paused, letting a flood of light fall over them, and if we had thought her beautiful before, now she was glorious. Her dress, a trailing, shimmering silk of some indescribable tint, seemed to catch the brilliant light and hold it in its shimmering folds, over which floated fleecy billows of tulle which seemed to veil the gleaming fabric beneath as silvery mists veil the sun. Her hair arranged as no hand less deft than hers could have managed it, was massed in waving fluffy bands and puffs about her superb head, and fell in a shower of glittering gold over the white gleaming shoulders that rose from clouds of tulle; and her only ornaments were curious carved bracelets of Etruscan gold set with emeralds that glowed on her faultless arm, save the rosebuds and tuberoses that wherever an artist's eye could put them were scattered over her robes and half-hidden in her glinting hair. Never before had she moved with such thoroughbred grace—never had she so looked the peerless, superb queen of society, and never had her smile been so radiant, her eyes—those wonderful, thrilling eyes, about the color of which I was never certain—glowed with such rapt entrancing light.

Then the band struck up a waltz, and Clare whirled her away, his arm clasping her waist, his long, tawny beard sweeping her perfumed hair, as he bent over the queenly head that almost rested on his shoulder, his face all aglow with the intense passion he did not care to conceal.

At one end of the hall was an alcove, festooned and curtained with evergreens and flowers—beyond which was a balcony, whither I had stolen, later in the evening, to rest and get a breath of the cool breeze that blew up from the sea, and where for some time I sat, watching the long line of waves come sweeping up on the beach, with their crests of foam seeming like fringes of silver in the white moonlight, almost unconscious of the revel within, when familiar voices reached my ear, and Clare and Florence Delano came into the alcove.

"Oh, Floy, my peerless darling," he was saying, in a voice full of intense feeling, "I am so proud of you, I love you so entirely, that thus to feel your hand upon my arm, your breath upon my cheek, is worth a life; and I can hardly dream, I *hardly dare think* what my life will be, when you are all mine, my wife."

"Do you indeed love me so much, Clare?" and there was a slight tremor in the low, musical tones. "Sometimes I fear you are mistaken, or that you will cease to love me, it is so like a beautiful dream, it seems too much happiness to come to one on earth. Do you know it would kill me, if I should lose you; you are my *grande passion*, the one love of my life, and I worship you, Clare Trehune, I worship you," her eyes full of subtle, dangerous lights, pouring their fire into his.

Then he drew her farther in behind the evergreens, where no passing eyes could see them, and gathered her to his heart, and pressed lingering kisses on her ripe, luscious lips. Suddenly, with a low cry, she broke away from him, and stepped out into the light, where I could see her face—which was very pale—and she was panting and trembling.

"Tell me again," she said, excitedly, catching his hand and covering it with kisses, "tell me that *nothing* shall ever part us."

"There shall nothing but death part us, my darling," drawing her toward him, and gazing rapturously on her upturned face. "But what ails you, child? you are pale and trembling. The night air has chilled you—let us go back to the hall."

I had a fair view of her now, and again I saw her shrink away from him and grow pale, then a look of terror, rage, and hate settled on her face, and fierce jets of fire seemed darting from her eyes, which for once showed their positive color—for they were *green*—and for a moment, there was that in her attitude, her face, her eyes, that was like nothing but a tigress, couchant in a jungle, ready to spring upon its prey. And I saw her slender fingers, on one of which burned Clare's diamond solitaire, clasp themselves convulsively, and the lovely Spanish fan she held, snapped into *fragments*. Only for a brief moment, then she was herself again, and glanced stealthily at Clare, to note if he had seen aught of her passion—but he was picking up the fragments of her fan; and in turning, his foot crushed a tube-rose that had fallen from her hair, and its heavy, sickening odor floated out to me.

"Never mind my fan, it is not of the least consequence. Yes, we will go back—I have promised the next redown to your brother; but first, dear, bring me some water—or stay, an iced wine—I am faint; I—I think I am not quite well."

Clare wrapped her opera cloak tenderly about her, whispering some low, sweet nothings in her ear, and went for her wine.

Directly after he had gone, I noticed a man—a well-enough looking person—approach her. I had noticed him several times before sauntering through the rooms and past the windows, and wondered if he were some new-comer, and then thought of him no more; now he assumed new interest. Again the look of an enraged tigress leaped into her face, as he came near her.

"For God's sake, go away," she hissed. "Why have you followed me here? Why could you not leave me in peace."

"Eliza"—he called her *Eliza*—"I have sought you for months, on sea and land," he said, in a sort of despairing way, "and after all my weary search, you greet me thus. I have followed you, because you are more to me than my life."

"Walter, you are a liar. You told me you wished I would leave you in peace. I have done so. Why could you not do as well by me?"

"You know I did not mean it—I was angry, I—"

She broke in upon him with an impatient gesture—

"I will not, I *dare* not talk with you here. There is an old house, down the beach, called the Hampton Manor; go there at four to-morrow, and I will meet you there. And mind, if you reveal aught concerning our past life, here, I will *never* speak to you again. And now *go*. I command you."

She stamped her tiny, slippered foot, and waived him away with an imperious motion of her hand. The man seeing in the white, desperate face before him, that remonstrance would be in vain, turned away. And I heard him utter a moan, as he cast a sorrowful glance at the woman, and hurried away, just as Clare returned with the iced wine. A few moments more, and they were gone.

"You gave me no chance to make myself known to you without a very awkward scene," I mused. "Now, my fair lady, I must watch you a little, and I think my infatuated brother will become disenchanted. 'All things are fair in love and war,' so I think I'll hide myself somewhere in the ruins about that old house and see this little side show 'played out.'"

The next day, about two o'clock, the groom brought Gyp round to the door, and Miss Delano came down with flushed cheeks and eyes that burned with hateful light, and with her usual elegant grace sprang into the saddle and dashed away at such a furious speed that people looked up affrighted to see the white horse and its fearless rider go by like the wind.

"She is going to ride off a little of her excitement, perhaps go round by the village, but she'll not fail to meet her engagement, there is too much at stake," I said to myself; "I'll be on time at any rate."

It was a desolate, gloomy looking place, that old house, that people said was haunted, overrun by creeping vines. It was a very easy matter to conceal myself in the heavy, dank shrubbery, beneath a window opening into the apartment where I thought the interview most likely to take place, and where I could see and hear all that happened within. I had been there but a little while, when the man who was to meet my brother's affianced wife stole softly through the bushes and entered what had been the dining-room when the house was inhabited, in the centre of which was an open trap-door that led into a deep, dark vault, where the old squire used to keep his wines. He seated himself on an old iron-bound chest and wiped the perspiration from his face, that wore an anxious, weary look. Presently there was the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming swiftly down the road, which paused in front of the house, and very soon Miss Delano came round, leading her horse through the thick shrubbery until he was hidden from the road, fastened him to a tree and glided into the house. The man seemed to grow smaller, shrink into himself as she surveyed him with looks of withering scorn and contempt.

"Now, sir," she said in hard, calm tones, "whatever you wish to say to me I hope you will proceed to tell it at once, for I wish this interview ended as soon as possible."

"I wish to convince you that we have both been to blame, and urge you, by the sacred tie that binds us, to return with me to our home. Remember, you are my wife—"

"Don't tell me of it," she cried; "haven't I told you often enough that I hate and despise you, that you should come here to hear it again? I was a mere child when I married you—fool that I was—but I tell you plainly I will *never* go back with you to bury myself in that hateful place. Augh! it makes me shiver even now when I think of the lonely, desolate years I passed in that great dreary, empty house, with no one to keep me company but the servants. What if the house was grand and the lawns elegant, was it any less a prison? I took nothing away but what was mine before I came there. I left all my jewels, my fine robes, everything your hateful money had bought. Why could you not let me live in my own way? Why need you follow me, like the pitiless fate you have been to me since I first saw you, to blast and wither every gleam of joy with your hateful presence? Return to our home!" It has *never* been to me a home, for how can there be a home without love? I'll never go back there!"

She stood before him with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, the impersonation of offended womanhood. The man seemed to have gained his self-possession while she was speaking, and met her gaze with a look as firm and determined as her own, yet mingled with it was so much of love that I could readily see that this woman who scorned him was more to him than even life.

"Why have I followed you, Eliza? Because your happiness and well-being are dearer to me than my own, and because you are not able to meet the storms of life alone. Besides, you are my wife, and it was my *duty* as well to seek you, when I came to see that in a measure I had been responsible for your flight. I love quiet and rest. How should I know that you wanted the house full of people—who were nothing to us—if you were too proud to tell me? If I had no thought for your welfare, would I not have thrown away your disguise last night and boldly claimed you, in the face of your friends? If you will come with me quietly, no one shall know that the beautiful Miss Florence Delano is in reality Mrs. Walter Stanhope. If you still decide to remain, I shall openly claim you as my wife, and challenge the gentleman with whom you were flirting so desperately last night."

Her face grew as white and rigid as the face of the dead as he uttered these words, and her breath came in quick, hard gasps; then there swept over her features, her attitude, the same look of rage and hate which had come to me as a new revelation, that I had seen on her beautiful face in the alcove. The tigress is ready for a spring, I thought, but the next moment the look had passed.

"Walter," she said, coming nearer to him, and letting her voice drop into its old, silvery sweetness; "if I should go home with you, would you take me to New York this winter? Would you let me see a little of the world and society?"

"Anything you wish, anywhere you wish to go, if it is around the globe. I will take you *anywhere*," he said, a new glad hope in his eyes, in his voice.

She let the long silken lashes sweep her white cheeks, and gave a little sob like a grieved child going to sleep, and stood gazing dreamily on the floor with every vestige of her passion gone, carelessly playing with the engagement ring Clare had given her, slipping it off and on her finger. Suddenly she started and shrieked as the ring dropped from her hand and rolled into the vault below. "Oh, my ring, Clare Trehune's diamond, I have lost it! it has fallen into the cellar! What shall I do, oh what shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands.

"If I will find your ring, will you go home with me, Eliza?" he asked; eagerly approaching her.

"Yes," she cried, passionately, "only find my ring and I will go."

With a glad bound her husband swung himself lightly into the dark chasm, and there just before him was the diamond burning in the gloom like a drop of fire. He stooped to pick it up, and quick as lightning Florence Delano raised the trap-door, and let it fall into its place, and as quickly shot the massive iron bolt into its fastening. Then she drew a long sigh of relief, as she said, "If you can get out, you may go and tell Clare Trehune I am your wife; otherwise, you will stay there till the crack of doom;" and gathering the skirt of her habit over her arm, like some fierce, wild thing that, sated with blood, creeps away into the jungle, she glided out and disappeared in the dense shrubbery. A few moments after I heard the thud of her horse's feet going like mad down the beach. I cannot describe the horror with which I had witnessed this dreadful tragedy, saw her immerse her husband in a living tomb. Hardly was she out of sight before I entered the old dining-room, and proceeded to unearth the buried man. I undid the fastening and essayed to raise the door, but it was so heavy I could not lift—"I cannot raise the trap," I called to him, "can you not reach it from below." Again I bent to raise it and felt the pressure of his hands beneath, a moment more I had lifted it, and he clambered out looking at me in dumb astonishment. "Do you think she really meant to murder me?" he at last managed to say in a dazed kind of way.

"It looks vastly like it," I answered. "I have happened to witness the little scene that has just been played, and I think that woman is a fiend or a maniac; and do you know she was going to marry my brother?"

The man groaned. "And now," I continued, "I want you to follow my instructions, and be silent until I give you leave to speak." He gave a quiet assent and we quitted the house together.

Miss Delano did not come down to tea that night, but a little after dark I saw her go out with Clare, as radiant—as serenely beautiful as ever. The moon hung its silver crescent low over the sea—bathing everything in molten silver—as they followed the path down to the shore. Suddenly from behind a clump of bushes they were passing, stepped a man, and with a steady frigid stare fixed his gaze full on her face. With a wild scream Florence Delano covered her face with her hands, and fell in a dead swoon at her lover's feet. Very tenderly he lifted her and bore her rapidly toward the house, covering her pallid face with kisses, and calling her by every endearing name, carrying her even to her room, and laying her on the bed, and not until she was restored to consciousness would he leave her.

A few hours later a white-robed figure glided like a beautiful wraith down to the beach, along the rocks, until she came to a projecting ledge beyond which lurked dark gaunt shadows, which seemed to reach out and grasp her. In the morning they brought her in, a limp, dripping form, with long golden hair tangled with sea-weed, yet wondrously beautiful even in the still sleep of death.

On her table was found a note addressed to Clare, which contained only this.

"My beloved Clare, circumstances have made it impossible for me ever to be your wife; you said death alone should part us, and so I am going to die. Farewell, my one, one love, FLOY."

And that was all. My brother Clare has never since been the gay nonchalant man he was, before this great grief fell upon his life. He never knew why his betrothed rushed into the arms of death, with the stain of murder on her soul.

"Let her sins be buried with her," implored the husband she had so wronged, when he stood over her chill-white face, and so it was.

And thus ended our summer at Clifton, in sadness and gloom, while I mused on the strange mystery of sin and wrong, that casts its blight upon so many lives. God only knows why it should be so.

A BEVERLY ROMANCE.

The Camden Democrat tells the following:—

Some time last summer a plain-looking and apparently care-worn man was passing a gentleman's dwelling in or near Beverly. His little daughter, remembering that her father wanted help to pick berries, hailed the stranger and asked him if he was seeking employment. He replied in the affirmative, and at once had an interview with the proprietor, who set him at work. He proved to be active and industrious, and made himself useful in many ways—so much so, that his employer retained him afterwards. It was discovered that he had more than ordinary intelligence—was quite polished in his manners, and equally unpresuming. As time progressed, it was discovered that he was master of five different languages, and was at home on any subject when drawn out in conversation. He was, nevertheless, an efficient and faithful worker—always obedient and obliging—winning the esteem of the entire family.

His employer finally came to the conclusion that he was not what he seemed; and surmised that from some cause or other, whether reputable or disreputable, he was an exile from his native land, and sought concealment. It was noticed that he corresponded with parties in Russia; but as he kept his own counsel, and was too dignified to admit of "pumping," there was no clue to the mystery. This winter, however, his employer having nothing for him to do, could not keep him. He left, and went to Newark, where he was working as a laborer the last heard of him.

Now comes the mysterious part of the story. Some days since, the gentleman who employed him at Beverly, received a draft for £66,000—about $330,000 of our currency—in favor of his mysterious workman. The gentleman has gone to Newark in search of him, for the purpose of delivering the draft in person. The affair has made quite a stir in the little circle familiar with the facts, and all sorts of speculations indulged in. The last conjecture is, that he is a Russian nobleman, who fought a duel—such an occurrence having taken place some time previous to the stranger's arrival—and that he was forced to precipitate departure from his native land, but has been pardoned; others, that a relative has died and left him the fortune, as he had often spoken of a wealthy aunt in his own country. He was always pleasant, but was often absorbed in thought, at times showing a melancholy cast of countenance, as if oppressed by some secret sorrow. He was too amiable in disposition, however, and wore too well on further acquaintance to admit of the suspicion of crime.

☞ A Nashville negro, applying to the Recorder for a marriage license, and learning that it would cost him $10, left the room sadly, remarking, "Dat's a mighty square price, boss."

☞ A little girl was sent to the pasture to drive home the cow. While thus engaged she treated herself to climbing an unnecessary fence, from which she fell, and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why, no," she replied, "what would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me!"

☞ "Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while the French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," answered the Swiss, "that each fights for what he most lacks."

☞ A graphic reporter says of a woman who died suddenly, that "she died without medical assistance." [This remark causes the average mind to pause and wonder how much medical assistance one needs in dying.]

☞ Nothing makes a Minnesota husband so mad as to fill his boots with buckwheat cakes in the raw, and then laugh at him when he pulls them on. Mrs. Smith, of Winona, will endorse this statement as soon as the swelling in her nose subsides sufficiently to enable her to read.

☞ The Boston Globe says, that a handsome wedding "outfit" will cost from $1,000 to $5,000. Four silk dresses are absolutely necessary, and as many more as your conscience will grant. Four woollen dresses for this season of the year, a handsome quilted morning robe, a camel's hair shawl, one velvet cloak, two sets of furs, sable and ermine, six fans and gloves to match in color every dress and necktie. A promenade bonnet, an opera bonnet and a round hat for the road, and a simple Alpine hat for "shopping," at least three sets of jewelry, and any number of collars, neckties and pretty head ornaments, gaiter boots and French slippers, several sets of underclothing, elaborately trimmed with French and Hamburg embroidery. Dear goodness! why don't the young men marry?

☞ A Voudou priestess told a New Orleans mother that on Wednesday, the third day after the death of her only daughter, the young woman would revive. The Republican says: "The Wednesday named by the Voudou the mother was allowed to visit the tomb, and at her request the vault was opened. Suddenly the sound of loud shrieks broke upon the ear, and tearing open the coffin the mother clasped the frantic child in her arms. She had just come in time—an hour later and the young lady would have fallen a victim to the terrible fate of the buried alive. How did the Voudou know it?"

☞ A Danbury man wears a ten cent silver piece on his shirt bosom, and calls it a dime and pin, which it certainly is.

☞ Thousands of young women practice at the bar in England. They are known as bar-maids.

☞ Collinsville, Conn., gains celebrity with a tailless, seven-toed cat.

☞ The Chinese have an aphorism very similar to our "Man proposes, but God disposes." It is: "Jen schwo, Soo-tro! soo-tro! Tien schwo, Wei-jean! wei-jan!" "Man says, So! so! Heaven says, No! no!"

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of nasal passages, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious mucous, purulent, muco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time. No disease is more common or less understood by physicians. The proprietor of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will pay $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents. 609.

MRS. F. H. HOWARD, of Brownsville, Tenn., says: "I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that I have been sewing on for fourteen years, which is still in perfect order and as good as when new."

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

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PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

nov8-tf

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. oct12-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Andinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquette," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE BODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Racburn," etc. (Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.)

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the sender of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded in *all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 87 cts.; regular price $1.50 at $1.15; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, in *all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

☞ BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address **H. PETERSON & Co.,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

BACK NUMBERS.

We are still able to supply back numbers of THE POST to the first paper of the year, containing the whole of Burr Thornbury's story of "Ravenswood," and a great variety of smaller stories, and other interesting matter.

Clubs beginning with the first paper in January, can thus have additions made to them, and back numbers supplied; and new clubs can be made up to begin at that favorite period.

OUR CHROMO.

M. E. B., of Centerfield, Ohio, says:—

"I have received my 'Little Samuel,' and everybody that has been at my house since, has admired it. I am sure I do."

J. M. L., of Wadesborough, N. C., writes:—

"'Little Samuel' came to hand in due time, and is a beautiful picture."

E. C., of Santa Cruz, California, writes:—

"I have received my Chromo, and think I am well paid for my trouble in getting up a club."

The above all received their Chromos from the first lot—the second lot is not finished yet; and the manufacturers insist that, if we want first-rate work, we must not hurry them. For almost every shade of color there must be separate and careful printing, which makes it very slow and tedious work.

Society.

A NEW IDEA—BOYS UNDER TWENTY-ONE NOT ADMITTED.

We don't know whether the mammas are going to adopt the plan of a lady of position and fashion in a neighboring city, who recently gave a grand ball, to bring her daughter out. Great consternation was created when the beaux ascertained that none under twenty-one were to be invited. The indignation of the dancing boys who wear swallow-tails and white cravats, who think society a barren waste without them, knew no bounds. The audacity of such a movement! They would make a wall-flower of that unfortunate young girl the rest of the winter. She should not be taken out once in the German. But the decree had gone forth; the handwriting was on the wall, "Boys under twenty-one not expected." Society gave the mamma credit; first, that boys underage were not desirable as partners for her daughter, and why waste so much good eating and drinking on them; for boys have great appetites, notwithstanding the swallow-tails and white cravats, and dancing the German is one of the most appetizing exercises, except singing. The ball was a great success, and the mamma, finding she has given such offence to the beau jeunesse, has announced her intention of having another, and inviting all the boys, and they each declare they won't go if she could give her grand ball without them; they won't come in second best. The fair young ladies of the German here would be wall-flowers were such an edict sent forth. Only imagine the consternation—twenty-one the lowest limit of age admitted to the ball at Delmonico's next week. Why, the *blase* beaux of eighteen, who have seen everything, and "there's nothing in it," and who feel as if they were forty, would buckle on their armor and have a new sensation.—*N. Y. Express.*

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

CONCERNING GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is the season of gold-headed canes and silver pitchers. Now the annual crop of gold watches is harvested. Now silver-plated goblets suffer. Now the college freshman, the gas-works employee, and the bold fireman torture their brains, and the English language, to fittingly express their overwhelming emotions in a tribute of buncombe, the same assisting the silver-plated goblet and the gold-headed cane to go off easy. And all these chaps have a little ax to grind.

That is the trouble with gifts.

Solomon the Wise, who knew about everything that is worth knowing here below, understood well the hidden significance of gold-headed canes and silver pitchers. What says Solomon the Wise? "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men." He knew well, what was just as true in Solomon the Wise's time as it is now, that nine-tenths of all the so-called gifts which pass between men, are not gifts at all, but simply bribes. And in reading history, you are surprised at every step to find that scarcely a single one of those high-stepping, mighty old fighters and geniuses whom we have been taught to look up to as the lights of history, was above taking a man's gift on the sly, and letting it make room for him. That tremendous old Queen Elizabeth, whom one would as soon suspect of stealing a poor man's pig, as of soiling her imperial fingers by taking a dirty bribe; whom one would expect, indeed, to order the head chopped off from anybody that would dare offer her a dirty bribe; we find was not at all too grand and virtuous to accept this sort of "gifts." A grave and distinguished Archbishop, himself very pious, learned and virtuous, as you will see, having a measure of great importance to which the Queen's assent was necessary, writes home to one of his anxious constituents: "I being put in mind that all was not done in that court for God's sake only, hinted to her most gracious majesty that if the sum of three thousand pounds would be in anywise acceptable, the same was at her disposal. Whereupon her majesty graciously deigned to receive my humble offering." Now, for two such pious and virtuous folks as a famous Archbishop and a Queen who was the foremost ruler in Christendom, and head and protector of the Protestant religion besides, that will do. Rather, one would think.

If that roaring old Queen Elizabeth would actually take an out and out bribe, who then wouldn't? You and I wouldn't, of course, reader, but we are only small fish. I mean what big fish wouldn't? The fact is, far too many big fish in America would and do. From the corrupt judge who sells injustice for a consideration, down to the little ward policeman who takes a per cent. of the spoils from a sneak thief and lets him go, the fish in office are not averse to "humble offerings." American justice is becoming rather notorious, from the tales they are beginning to tell of us across the water.

But aside from the matter of bribery, when in truth there can be no question of bribery, it somehow does not look pretty to see a public official accepting gifts. Nor yet somehow does it look pretty to see a superior accepting gifts from his inferiors, or those in his employ. That is, as a rule. What says Solomon the Wise again? "A gift destroyeth the heart." Solomon knew. If you take a gift from one, you place yourself under obligation to that person, and afterward you can't find it in your heart to do your duty by that person in trying situations. If a Congressman accepts a magnificent gold watch from his constituents, he will be morally bound, forever after, to work with all his might for their particular railroad steal. Or if they give their money, their time, their tobacco and strong liquids freely in his behalf at election time, is he not morally bound just the same to provide every one of these disinterested patriots with a post-office? Yes, though he feel in his bones that the disinterested patriot is unfit for a post-office, dishonest even, yet must he have the post-office, for the M. C. owes the gift of his election to the patriot, and a gift destroyeth the heart.

Gifts to those in office will always be looked upon in the light of bribes, more or less. Mortal man cannot do his strict duty by that person to whom he is under weighty pecuniary obligations. The old Roman judge could condemn his own sons to death—but the modern whisky inspector can't inform on that distiller who gives him ten thousand dollars. It is not in human nature. To be honored exceedingly is that public officer who refuses to bind himself hand and foot, and tie his tongue, by accepting gifts.

It is not well for poor people to accept gifts which are out of keeping with their station; for thus they lay upon their shoulders a burden which may in time wax heavy as the Old Man of the Sea. You have read the story of the Great Hoggarty Diamond, how old Aunt Hoggarty gave her nephew a huge diamond, when he had hardly enough bread and butter for himself; and in return saddled herself upon him for life, forcing him to keep a larger house, extra servants, daintier food, and innumerable other appurtenances beyond the reach of his narrow pocket—and finally bringing him down to bankruptcy and the debtor's prison. Do not accept a gift whose value is beyond what you can give in return. There is a delicate, honorable pride in thus keeping your independence.

There are folks who, when they give gifts, always expect a return for the same. And of all the motives in giving a gift, that is the most contemptible. Of all earthly ways of swindling, that is the most abominable. Such a gift is no gift at all. It is a mere matter of buying and selling, at a very bad bargain for the buyer. I confess I have been bitten that way myself, more than once. If your neighbor, the sharp housekeeper over the way, sends you a glass of strawberry jelly, are you not "in for it" to the extent of a bushel of your summer Good Christian pears, after awhile? If the daughter of old Skeesicks, who lives upon a very narrow income in the city, sends your Mary Jane a paltry neck-tie, do you not groan inwardly at the sight of it, knowing well that next summer's heat will bring to your cool, happy country home a board of invaders in the shape of two-thirds of the whole confounded Skeesicks gang? Like a swarm of seventeen-years' locusts which haven't had a bite of food in the whole seventeen years, these blasted Skeesicks will fasten upon your vitals and eat you out of house and home. From the Skeesicks's gifts, oh, good Lord, deliver us, and all our relations whom we like! Send 'em upon our relations whom we don't like!

If a pretty young lady darns together a hideous cats-cornered dog pen-wiper and presents it on Christmas morning with her sweetest smiles to her rich old bachelor acquaintance, what, I pray you, are that cats-cornered dog pen-wiper and those sweet smiles but honeyed wiles to catch a diamond locket, or at least a love of a gold chain? If a fair maiden embroider with her own white hands a silken cravat which can't be put on any way but upside-down, or a pair of sweet and useless slipper-tops, which he to whom she presents them must send to the shoemaker's and have soles put on for himself, that unhappy he will be regarded forever after as a "stingy thing" and "real mean" if he do not make return for the unwearable neck-tie and the slippers which are a useless expense to him, by a gift of four or ten times their value. Don't I know it is the truth? Haven't I heard fair maidens talk, before now? In fact, so well is this little young ladies' game coming to be understood among gentlemen, that every Christmas time, a fine young man whom I know has a habit of shunning his young lady friends as he would the small-pox, just through dread of the upside-down cravats and the slipper-tops without any soles. He has waded through the waters of a sad experience; and he knows what he knows. Out upon you, young ladies, for unblushing swindlers!

Good friend, give me no gift if you expect a return for it! For you won't get it. Of all small traffic, the trading of gifts is most despicable. If you give a gift, let it be only because you love your friend so much that you can't help it. Let it be the spontaneous tribute of pure affection and good-will, without one paltry, sordid thought of return. For if you look for a return, then your gift, though it be of fine gold, is mean and trifling, more worthless than the lump of clay under your feet. Or if you receive a gift, take nothing of value except from those whom you love dearly. For a gift, however small, always places the receiver under obligations to the giver. It is pleasant to owe obligation to those whom we love dearly; but to none others. Only between these is a gift good and fitting, and that too bestowed without a base thought of return. Such a gift, whatever it may be, is a proper gift, a delicate and beautiful gift. ZIG.

LITTLE ROBERT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DAISY BURNS.

He's the brightest and fairest,
The best and the dearest
Of all this world.

His form is so faultless,
His soul is so spotless,
And he is so good.

The world may have its joys,
They're but as idle toys
Compared to him.

God looks down and blesses,
And tempers all distresses—
God spare him to me.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST:—Having treated of dresses, cloaks, hats, hair, boots, furs, and everything else in the substantial and necessary line, might it not be well to speak of the little accessories to the toilet?

There are fashions, you know, in everything. I even read the other day of a lady who wrote to a magazine for instruction how to make a stylish shroud. Rather a grave subject to introduce in a careless way, but it was stated as a fact, and I've no doubt of its truth; as to that, though, I never doubt the truth of anything any more, and I am ever so much happier than when I questioned all I heard. In my opinion, a chronic disbeliever is about the most discontented, disagreeable creature in the whole world; they are even worse than those matter-of-fact people who cannot appreciate a funny story unless assured beyond peradventure that it "really happened."

But I am not progressing in my "fashion notes" with as much rapidity as might be expected, though what to talk about *first* is the only thing that is puzzling me.

Hoyle says, "when in doubt, take the trick," and I have always found it a good plan when in doubt about fashions to commence at the top of the head and gradually creep downward, like a superinduced shiver—if you know what that is. I live in a fever and ague neighborhood, and consequently know *just* what it is. There is nothing like it—a first-class scare comes as near as anything, but a crinkly, insinuating, insidious ague chill is a little ahead of that even.

To get as far up as possible, I will say that the most singular and startling devices in

COMBS

are everywhere seen. A lady wouldn't be a lady, scarcely, now-a-days, without something grotesque or beautiful in this line placed upon the top of her "back hair." The value of these articles depends almost entirely upon the lady's financial status; if she is a millionaire's daughter the comb will be of gold, set with diamonds, and placed very conspicuously; this may be the case if she is not a millionaire's daughter, but, instead, possess the charm of beauty and general attractiveness, and was substantially remembered at Christmas time by her dear five hundred friends. These Christmas gifts are great things, and help along more than some people imagine. I heard of one lady—a little thing, who weighed less than a hundred pounds, too—that was presented with a grand piano, a camel's hair shawl, two sets of diamonds, complete; six dozen pairs of Parisian gloves, a roll of velvet, and a box for the Charity Ball.

Combs of carved shell, and of ivory, and of coral, are all in great favor, and are mostly in the high, Spanish shape, and upon a middle-aged, queenly woman look appropriate and becoming, but on a little lady of eighteen, with kittenish proclivities, they are sadly out of character, and make me feel real unhappy every time I see them.

FANS

were never more fashionable or more gaudy than those now worn, and for some reason fashion has decided that they shall also be very large. Individually, myself, I do not consider this in good taste. No one cares much about a fan for anything but ornament during the winter, and even if they did, they can stir up as much of a breeze as is necessary with the little satin and ivory toys of last year. But some one I suppose of the Grand Duchess type has found it vastly becoming to "recline indolently upon a satin *fauteuil*" and gently wave an immense fan. Some one told her she looked every inch a Cleopatra while loafing thus; and from that, the large fans have become the rage. I am sorry, for they are not ornamental at all. They look cumbrous and heavy, and are not half as good as the old-fashioned feather fans that our great-grandmothers captivated our great-grandfathers with, and broke the hearts of others who would have liked to have been our great-grandfathers. The very handsomest fans have mother-of-pearl frames, and are of the finest white silk, with a landscape in oil, exquisitely executed, on one side—said landscape being usually in oval shape, and about three inches long. A little fine point-lace is also artistically laid on; sometimes the frame is very handsomely carved, which of course adds to the value. Seventy-five to one hundred dollars is a fair price for fans of this description. Coral is used for fan frames, and jet and agate also, but pearl, either white or smoked, is "high art."

GLOVES

are creeping up the arms very rapidly. A glove with two buttons for street wear has been thought the correct thing, but present appearances indicate that to enjoy any kind of good health you must not have less than three buttons, while those who can afford it insist upon *four*. Evening gloves will do with six buttons; but to be thought much of, you must have a dozen. I suppose they will get them clear to the shoulder another year. Rings should never be worn under a glove, say the critics, for they invariably spoil the set of it, and are apt to wear the kid. After that we may say that rings should never be worn *over* a glove, as they look obtrusive and in bad taste; so the only course left is to take off your rings when preparing for the street, and deposit them carefully in your jewel case. You can't make any mistake then—unless some one runs off with the case during your absence.

TRIMMINGS

for dresses fill all the fashionable bazaars, but the newest is a velvet galloon, about half an inch in width, striped with gold. It is claimed that this will be the popular trimming for street jackets and dresses; but for my part, I don't believe quite everything that is claimed in trimming stores. I have no doubt but there are tastes that this tinsel finery will suit exactly, but there are ladies also who would no more wear it than they would wear the American flag for a shawl. It is altogether too conspicuous, not to say vulgar, and the dealers who have imported great quantities of it will live to repent, I hope, as I should be sorry to have any of them die with such a sin on their souls.

BUSTLES

may or may not be of sufficient importance to introduce in a fashion letter, but as the manufacturers will persist in thrusting novelties and improvements upon an unoffending female public, I cannot very well do otherwise than speak of them. The very latest invention is a rubber bustle, shown me yesterday by a fascinating little matron, whose only fault is timidity. The bustle in question can be blown up to any size you want it—always provided you have breath enough to do it—and is just the thing in case of a steamboat accident, as you can then tie it around your neck for a life-preserver. If you find you have blown it up too much, you have only to open a little escape valve at one side and reduce it to any size you want. They are uncomfortable things to wear, the above-mentioned little matron says, as she is always in dread lest she shall inadvertently lean back and explode the machine. A disaster of that kind would certainly be very shocking, but I don't suppose it would be possible to get up anything possessing all the advantages of the rubber bustle and have it entirely safe. And I don't know but the little danger attending the use of these articles adds to the pleasure of wearing them—anyhow they seem to be popular, and are going ahead of newspapers and spiral springs and crinoline and everything else. But after all said and done, I think, if we must have bustles, a good moral and religious newspaper, like the Christian Union, or the Messenger, is about the best material one can get. It is tractable, and can be pressed into any shape or form, and if it isn't big enough, instead of converting yourself into an amateur bellows, you can add another paper, and you are all right. Of course I would not advocate the wearing of any of the daily papers, full of murders and scandals and mysterious disappearances; but with a little care in the selection of your material, I can see nothing objectionable in building a bustle out of newspapers.

But perhaps it would be just as well for us not to go to any great trouble of mind in that direction, for probably before we know it bustles will be out of date, and we shall be going about with clinging drapery and looking like so many Grecian statues.

LETTER TO "ZIG."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Well, Zig, I have just finished reading your letter in THE POST, of Jan. 11. You seem to have a very unfortunate habit of getting into hot water; but your faculties do not appear to suffer. On the contrary, it strikes me the scalding operation renders them *keener* than ever. No flattery intended.

Although I believe you perfectly capable of "fighting your own battles," and of waging war against an unlimited number of scribblers, yet, since so many have seen fit to attack your opinions, I cannot refrain from speaking a word in your favor, and from telling you that your remarks about "Sewing-Machine Agents," and "Heads of Families," meet my views on the same subjects *precisely*.

I agree with you "that husbands who are masters are abominable," if not something worse. If all the married persons of the masculine persuasion, who *try* to be masters, were taken from this world of wives and troubles, I venture to affirm it would not require a very extensive knowledge of the operations of arithmetic to "add up" the remainder.

"Roberta's" experience of husbands appears, from her epistle, to be confined to the lord and *master* of her home; so, of course, she cannot be expected to know of those who swear at their wives whenever their royal highnesses think proper to indulge in that sort of abuse; who deprive them of the necessaries, to say nothing of the luxuries of life; who treat them with neglect, insults and *blows!* who desert them without provocation, and leave them and their helpless children to struggle in want.

She has, of course, nothing to say of those drunken wretches who nightly desecrate the sacred sanctuary of home with their bacchanalian revels, and subject those who depend upon them for support and protection to poverty and shame. Would she wish those unworthy drunken husbands to understand, that she, a married woman, approved of their being *masters* of those beings whose lives they have made unutterably miserable? We think not. But they would claim that she did. A man may be a drunkard, but "a man's a man for a' that;" and if he is a husband he considers that whatever is accorded to other husbands of course belongs to him.

We notice that one of the writers for the POST objects to having husbands blown up. She proposes, if we remember correctly, to substitute for this pleasaunt words, &c. We presume she is right. But what if those said same pleasant words, &c., did not have the desired effect. What then? We do not wish to be considered belligerent, so we will not recommend the blowing-up process, but will just repeat the moral appended to the story "Of the boy that stole apples," in Webster's old, blue-covered Elementary Spelling Book:

"If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner."

If "Roberta" is happy, it is something of which she may well feel proud, since there are unnumbered wives who cannot truthfully say the same. For each and every one of them has a "skeleton in her closet." Not the one of which Olive King makes mention, but a ghastly, grinning, ever-present ghoul, invisible to others, but very well known to its victim, in the shape of some "failing" or "failings" (to speak mildly) in the one who vowed to love and to cherish her.

We are rejoiced to hear that "Roberta" is satisfied with her lot, and we are perfectly willing it should be so. All we ask for others is that they may be permitted to seek happiness, in whatsoever manner seemeth best to them. We take it as very unkind of her to seek to calm the ripple which Zig's pebble was designed to create, when it was thrown into the wide sea of married life.

Most of the husbands I have met were determined, like the ancient darkey when he belabored the swine, "to be master over something." When a man gets the mistaken notion in his head that he must rule his wife, there is misery in store for that household. If she submits to his authority, he encroaches further and further, until at length she becomes aware that she is reduced to a "nonentity,"

"A mere convenience of his narrow life."

If she resists—and if she is a woman of *any* spirit she will resist—then their brawls become frequent and more frequent, until they are the common scandal.

When a woman realizes that she is considered in the light of a housekeeper, and valued merely because of the pecuniary benefit she is to the man who calls himself her master, do you wonder she ceases to care for the glittering shows of life? Do you wonder that she longs to sleep in her narrow bed, and lie "forgetting, by the world forgot?"

When we remember those lives which seem to have been wasted by the caprice of some cruel or unappreciating one, we are tempted to cry out in sore unbelief, "Lord, was it well?" But—

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
* * * * * * *
"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain."

But I began with the intention of writing a friendly letter to you, Zig, and I find I have forgotten the most of what I intended to say. However, it is safe to presume that it will be no loss to you.

But as "crying over spilt milk" is very useless employment, I will cast my mite in the way of advice to the girls; since donating the same to married people will avail nothing. Properly speaking, it is not advice, but simply a hint of what you may expect when you enter the connubial state. I will tell it as it was told to me.

A married lady of mature years being informed that one of her nieces was on the eve of marrying, after congratulating her and wishing her all joy and happiness, said: "But you will find, my dear niece, *before* you are married, you are *solicited; after* you are married, you will have to *solicit*."

Remember this, girls, it may save you some disappointment.

CLARE VERNON.

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No skew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by foot of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through some old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HOME AND SOCIETY.

How to Furnish a Bedroom Economically.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are many housekeepers who longingly desire pretty and tasteful chamber furniture, yet cannot procure the money to invest in a set of handsome furniture at the warehouses.

For them we write this article, and with but little expenditure of money, but some of time and taste, they can make a common room appear very tastefully and prettily furnished.

In the first place we will make a wash-stand, which is a most indispensable article, and we will select a corner in which to construct it.

The carpenter must come to our assistance, and fit two boards into the sides of the wall, fastening them with cleats, and making them round out on the outer edge. The upper board must be the largest, and a round hole should be cut in the centre of it to hold the wash-bowl. This board should be nailed into the corner at the height of thirty inches from the floor, and the lower board should be placed half-way between it and the floor. The upper board should be large enough to hold not only the bowl but the soap-dish, tooth-brush dish and mug, while the lower one need only hold the pitcher.

If these boards are made of cherry, black walnut, or butternut, they need only be oiled; but if made of pine, they can be stained with black walnut varnish made out of gum-asphaltum and turpentine; and thus prepared, they will look very respectable.

A chintz curtain could be tacked upon the lower shelf, and a receptacle made for blacking-box, brush, boots and slippers.

Perhaps we have no closet or wardrobe at hand, and must make one for ourselves. This can be done by taking another corner, and placing two wide shelves, a foot apart, across an angle as large as we desire to set aside for the purpose. From the upper shelf, which should be from six to seven feet from the floor, a chintz curtain must be hung, to keep the dust from settling on the clothes; and under the second shelf a row or more of hooks can be placed for hanging clothes. The shelf will be a capital place to stow away boxes, and if the curtain opens in the centre, ready access can be had to all the articles. Now we have a closet and a wash-stand, and yet we would have a toilet-table which can fit into the opposite corner from our closet, between two windows, which will afford a strong light.

For this we must procure another board, nearly three feet in depth and rounded on the outer edge like the wash-stand, and nailed to the wall in the same manner, at a height of thirty-two or three inches from the floor. We need no hard wood or black-walnut stain for this, for we must make a soft cushiony top by laying folds of cotton batting over it, and covering it either with chintz like our curtains or with pink or blue cambric and white muslin over that.

On the outer edge of the table, a curtain of either chintz or muslin is tacked on, in box plaits falling to the floor, and a ruffle cut in points or pinked with an iron, and box-plaited through the centre, covers the edge and finishes a very pretty table.

And now a mirror is needed to complete the effect, and another bit of wood must be fastened from corner to corner very near the centre to hold it strongly.

It matters not if our looking-glass frame is worn, cracked or battered, for it can be artistically draped with folds of pink or blue tarletan, white lace or muslin, and a few bows at the corners will add to its appearance, and behold! we are the proud owners of an exceedingly pretty toilet table.

Already our common chamber possesses a grace it never knew before, for drapery has a marvellous power of transforming ugliness into beauty.

And yet we need a lounge to complete our arrangements, so we hunt up a packing-box at least five feet long and two and a half wide, and fifteen to eighteen inches high; upon it we screw castors, and have the lid well-fitted on with hinges, for we will have a bureau as well as a lounge, we will have a large receptacle for all manner of wearing apparel, or if needs be can make it serve to hold our bedding, and will transform the lounge into a comfortable single bed. Over the top of the box we will place "excelsior," and cover that with sheets of batting, and tack them loosely down with a cover of thick cotton or muslin, while over it all is nailed the same chintz that we have been using for closet and table.

Now a box-plaited flounce deep enough to cover the whole box must be nailed around three sides, and a full box-plaited, pinked-out ruffle fastened over it.

If we can afford the luxury of two or three feather pillows covered with chintz our lounge will be delicious to the touch—but if our purse strings must be closed, and the store-room possesses no store of pillows, we must again have recourse to the "excelsior" and make our pillows of it, covering with the chintz over the coarse muslin or ticking. At any rate we are the possessors of a most inviting-looking lounge, and will offer our friends a tempting seat whenever they favor us with a visit. Then with the round covers to a barrel, fastened through the centre of each with a strong stake, we can make a most useful work-table, and complete our chamber furniture for the present.

Nail the chintz over the top cover, and then fasten a plain piece, a little gathered in, around the outer edge. To this piece attach eight or ten small pockets, gathered in at the top with rubber cord.

Around the bottom nail the plain piece that was first fastened at the top, leaving it a little loose, so it will tie in the centre to resemble an hour-glass.

Take another straight piece of chintz, wide enough to reach half-way up the table, once and two-thirds as full as the bottom circle; gather this up at the bottom, and nail strongly to the lower circle. Then run in a drawing string, and draw up around the centre of the table where it is tied in folds to the stake.

This bag is convenient for holding clothes that need mending, or are being made. The top and bottom of the table can be trimmed with the same box-plaited ruffle as was used on the toilet table.

If the mantelpiece is low and broad, it can be covered with the same chintz, and a box-plaited flounce, six to eight inches in depth, must be nailed around the edges, and a ruffle put around to cover them up.

A whole piece of chintz is none too much for our use, as the remainder can be used to advantage as a bed-spread, and it is quite the fashion to cover the foot and head-board of the bedstead with chintz as one covers upholstered chairs.

Again, we shall desire drapery curtains of the same material used in our arrangements, or else we shall make them of mosquito lace, Swiss muslin, or Nottingham lace; but alas! we have no cornices.

Our friend the carpenter can doubtless furnish us with plain pine mouldings, called "*ogee*." We must stain them with asphaltum varnish, such as we used for our washstand. Now we must attach some flat strips of wood to the top of the window, and the moulding can be screwed to them, while the drapery must be nailed to the moulding. Or, it is better to get iron hooks from the upholsterer's, and nail them in each side of the window casement, and have irons nailed to the mouldings by which to suspend them from the windows.

With a white matting on the floor, or a delicately-tinted ingrain, who could but admire our surroundings?

And yet how cheaply are they furnished, and how proud we are of our own handiwork!

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

A GOOD WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST.—I've just been having a warm discussion on the subject of old maids—it's true I had my say, but I'm going to have my say again, because I don't think my audience was quite large enough, there being only two present and myself one of them.

Now I'm not going to abuse "old maids" as everybody else does; no—unlike the majority of folks, I rather like old maids, and I glory in the spunk of a woman who has independence enough to be "an old maid."

I believe many a girl marries just to keep from being "an old maid." The idea is intolerable to them. I don't like all old maids—no; there are some who are more detestable than old widowers (frisky old widowers I mean).

There are some who are always giving unsought advice—some who are everlastingly stirring up strife between neighbors, etc.; now I don't like that kind of old maids, nor do I like such old maids as "Zig" wrote about not long ago, who squatted down to be burdens upon their old father; but as for that matter lots of folks besides old maids do just that very thing.

But there *are* old maids who are the most lovable creatures on earth; they carry a smile and a cheerful word wherever they go. How many brother's and sister's little quarrels are hushed up by the old maid sister. How many parents are comforted in their old age by the old maid daughter! How many good actions are constantly being done by these good sweet old maids; yet see how the "majority of folks" abuse them.

There are old maids just as disagreeable as people ever get to be, and there are married women just as disagreeable as these old maids, and there are young maidens just as disagreeable as these married women. There are lots of disagreeable folks besides old maids.

Never mind, old maids. Let those abuse you who will, you have lots of friends, and one *good* one in DAISY BURNS.

The Latest Topic of Gossip in London.

One of the principal topics of gossip just now in London is the marriage of Mr. T. A. Mitchell, a member of Parliament, to a London bar-maid. The bridegroom is a wealthy merchant, and a member of the leading clubs. The bride is a young woman of great personal attractions, who has filled the useful position before mentioned, and is the daughter of the hall porter of the Duke of Leinster. It is said that he was induced to this by the events that followed a casual visit to the house where the lady officiated. The attentions then given and the commiseration shown in a temporary illness that required a stimulant, so won the gentleman's heart that he sought and obtained her hand and the consent of her astonished parent. In addition to the position to which the lady has now attained she will have, so runs the rumor, a settlement of £50,000. The ceremony was performed by special license at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, shortly after eight o'clock in the morning; the early hour having been chosen in order to avoid the crowd which always attend a mid-day wedding at a West End church. As an additional precaution the venue also was changed at the last moment. When it was expected that the ceremony would be performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, the church was half filled with bar-maids. The "best man" was the bridegroom's medical attendant.

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In golden ages, warm old Ovid sung
"The old, old story," and was hailed by men
High Priest of Love! Bard of the honeyed tongue!
The earth was young, 'twas an old story then.

Love clung to Time, and then a Gothic saint
"That old, old story" still to mortals told,
"That old, old story," beautiful and quaint,
Old as creation, yet as fresh as old.

Neath the broad oaks of Eld, in deep green glades,
On the soft moss, the lovers waste the hours.
Fond swains are whispering to love-sick maids
"The old, old story" in the woodland bowers.

On exult shores where the broad ocean rolls,
Hearing in deep sea caves his ancient song,
"The old, old story" eddies his roar is heard:
As old as ocean—it will live as long.

Beneath the gable of the fisher's cot,
By the bright sunny wall a maiden stands,
And hands with loving, trusting heart to hers
"That old, old story," on the yellow sands.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD."

CHAPTER I.

PURSUED.

It was a boisterous winter's night; and although the long straight road which I have in my mind (for to the first scene of this strange story my own eyes were witness) was many a mile distant from the coast, you might have thought, from the roaring of the trees that lined one side of it for miles, that it skirted the very shore. Now and then, for a brief space, there was a lull, but only that the Prince of the Powers of the Air might collect his forces for a more strenuous effort, as though to sweep the earth of all that cumbered it which man had made. The young moon had hidden herself, as though in terror, and it was but seldom that the clouds permitted a single star to peer through their hurrying ranks, as they fled like a beaten army across the sky.

A white toll-house and a white gate that stretched across the road could, however, be just made out, gleaming through the stormful gloom; but even these, from their color, looked weird and ghost-like, and by no means relieved the loneliness and desolation of the scene. Opposite the toll-house was an inn; but being built of darker material, it was not visible; not a light shone from its many windows, for the hour was three o'clock, and all its inmates, save one, were abed and slept—rocked to slumber by the storm. Suddenly, after an outburst of elemental violence that outdid all that had preceded it, and which was dying away like the passionate cry of some disappointed beast of prey, there was heard a human voice: "Gate, gate!" It must have proceeded from powerful lungs indeed, since it was repeated before the galloping of horse's hoofs and the noise of wheels could be heard which proclaimed the approach of the vehicle which carried him who uttered this impetuous summons.

"Gate, gate!"

"Confound the fellow; he's asleep," exclaimed another voice—"Get out, Dick, and lift it off its hinges. Here; take a lamp."

As the speaker leans hurriedly forward to take one of the dog-cart lamps from its place, the light is thrown full upon him. A tall, black-bearded man, very handsome, though long past his youth; his stooping position brings the blood into his face a little, else it would be very pale; his eyes are fiery and bloodshot. You would say he was a drunkard but for the steadiness of hand with which he disengages the lamp, and hands it to his fellow, notwithstanding the fury of the wind, which is once more up and roaring, and the impatient pawing of the mare he holds in his iron gripe. She is bay, but, flecked with her own foam, she looks in the darkness black and white. His lower lip is bleeding, bitten through, perhaps, in his irritation and impatience; and on his shirt-front, among its coral studs, there is a red spot which is not coral, but blood. He is in evening dress, and notwithstanding the wild inclemency of the night, has no great-coat or wrapper of any kind. By his face and dress, you would take him for a gentleman; no one with brains could possibly take him for a vulgar person; but if a gentleman, he is plainly not one of the conventional type, who never hurries himself, nor gets in a passion. His eyes are flaming with rage; and he pours upon the turnpike gate anathemas so choice, and yet various, that it seems quite a pity to waste them on an inanimate object. If the turnpike man would but put his head out of the window! But that neglectful official, who has a son at sea, is dreaming of a great tempest in the tropics, which Jack described to him in his last letter (six months old); and though he dimly hears that familiar cry of "Gate, gate!" confuses it with the captain's orders, bowled through the speaking-trumpet.

"*Quiet, quiet!* you vixen!"—this to the mare; and the tall man (you can now see he is very tall) stands up in the dog-cart, and peers back upon the road he has come, and listens; nothing is to be seen but a wall of darkness, and nothing to be heard but the roaring wind. Somewhat appeased, as it seems, by this negative result, he then addresses his companion (to whose tardiness in opening the gate he has never once alluded, notwithstanding his impatience with the obstacle itself): "Shall I come and help you, Dick, or shall I break this scoundrel's windows with my whip-handle?"

"No, no, Masther Frank," returned the other, straining and striving at the hinges; "I'll have it in a minute. It is just as well not to be seen by more people than we can help. One—two; there it is; off at last."

He crosses the road with his burden, to let the vehicle pass through, and then placed the gate half-open, and fastened it in that position with a huge stone.

"There, now; they'll think the way is clear," observed he grimly; "and if it's wheels that is afther us, I pity the next comer."

"They'll ride, Dick; you may take your oath of that."

"I suppose they will," growled the other, as he climbed into his seat. "If I'd 'a given it a thought, I'd 'a hamstrung the horses."

The speaker of this truculent speech was a short, broad-shouldered man, of rough, though by no means ruffianly exterior. A cloth cap partly concealed his features, but what could be seen of them was rather attractive than otherwise, unless, indeed, you happened to be very anti-Milesian, for they were of that careless Irish type which seems to presage little of evil beyond dirt and drunkenness, and to promise faithfulness and endless fun. He wore a long frieze overcoat that reached to his gaiters, and though apparently of the same age as his companion, his appearance had nothing else in common with him. Their mutual relation in life would in fact at once have been taken for that of servant and master, except for the unusual warmth of manner that distinguished both, whenever they addressed one another. Dick sat on the hind seat, in order, doubtless, to watch the road along which their pursuers were expected, but always sideways, so that he could talk, as it were, into the other's ear—a nearness of communication, indeed, which the raging of the gale demanded.

"You'll be gettin' cold, Masther Frank," observed he presently, the strong Irish accent in which he spoke now intensified by affectionate emotion. "Just put this about you."

"No wraps for me, Dick, to-night; I feel, even as it is, as though my very neck-tie choked me. Besides, that's your own coat, my good fellow;" and he put aside the frieze that his companion offered him, with a steady but gentle hand.

"Sure, and why wouldn't it be?" urged the other. "Ain't I used to cold and such-like? Haven't I been reared up hard from the cradle?—not like you, Masther Frank, though we fed at the same mother's breast."

"We did so, Dick; but that's no reason why you should literally give me the coat off your back; though I well know you would do more than that to serve me any day."

"Yes, a deal more, in troth!"

"And yet, why should you, Dick? That sometimes puzzles me; for really I've done little for you."

"Nothin' at all, sir, bar watchin' me, like a mother, for weeks, when nobody else would come nigh me, for fear of catchin' the spots! Nothin' at all, bar seein' me through that bad piece of work at Limerick Sessions, when I'd never have seen ould Ireland again at all, at all, but for you speakin' up for me, before them all, in the court-house! I owe you nothin' but life and liberty, that's true, sir; and they are things which nobody values!"

"But, my good fellow, I ran no personal risk in either of those things. I had been vaccinated, and was therefore secure from catching the small-pox; and as for speaking up for you in the court-house, why, I was tarred with the same brush myself, and it would have been a mean and cowardly act, indeed, had I left you to bear the consequences of my own counsel."

"You're always right, Masther Frank. I daresay, if the thing was properly put, you're more obligated to me nor I am to you. But in the meantime' (and here he changed his bantering tone for one of uncommon earnestness and fervor) "I'm your friend and servant—yes, just that, with the blessin' of God" (he took off his cloth cap, and made the sign of the cross:) "drunk or sober, hale or sick, I'm your slave for life. I know it's foolish, sir' (for he saw the other was about to speak,) "but it's the same milk does it. It's stronger, by far, nor the same blood."

A groan burst from the other's lips; and he lashed the mare, who was already going at headlong speed.

"That was a nice thing to say to the young masther, after what has happened," muttered Dick to himself. "Holy Moses, what an omadhawn I am!"

Not a word was exchanged between the pair for several minutes; and, indeed, the rate at which they were going almost precluded it. But presently, as the pace slackened somewhat in consequence of some rising ground, the one who was called Master Frank once more broke silence.

"Dick," said he, "I want you to listen to me with all the sense you have, and as little of the fantastic notions belonging to County Tipperary as possible. You have shown your devotion to my person; and if I were to part with you to-day forever, I should say you were the most faithful friend that man ever had. In accompanying me to Falston, I little thought, of course, that I was causing risk either to myself or you; but as it has happened, I have done you a most serious injury. Are you aware, Dick, that, in the eye of the law, you have become an accessory after the fact?"

"Bedad! I'm not, sir; but it's yourself that's always after tellin' me fine news; and I can easily believe it. It must be a grand thing, sure!"

Richard Murphy's countenance, as it reposed almost upon his companion's shoulder, was so singularly free from expression, that it was impossible to glean from it whether he was in joke or earnest. Frank Kavanagh, however, knew his henchman much too well to be in doubt as to his meaning.

"You are hiding your feelings, Dick," continued he, with irritation, "under a mask of humor, when I wish you, above all things, to be serious and frank. The deed that has been done this night—unpremeditated, undreamed of, as Heaven knows it was—will be held by the law of the land to be no less than murder. The provocation will never be taken into account, nor the long years of hypocrisy and deceit. If it was to do again, Dick? if I saw his mocking face set close to mine once more, and heard him sneer at my birth—"

"Did he do that, Masther Frank?" interrupted Dick, with intense excitement. "Oh, the villain!"

"He flouted me; he spoke bitter things of my mother as though she had not been his own too. And then he attacked our father's memory; that was too much. When I remembered how I had seen Louis fawn and flatter, and strive to cozen the kind old man every way; and saw him then, triumphant in his fraud, and sneering at the folly of his dead benefactor, I took him by the throat, Dick—I—"

"Hush, hush! Put my coat on, Masther Frank; there's a spot on your shirt-front that is not iron-mowld. I saw that from the first, though I didn't like to speak. Hide it, Masther Frank, lest them might see it that has less right than I to know how it got there;" and he wrapped the coat around his stalwart companion, who seemed neither to consent nor to resist, as tenderly as a mother cloaks her babe.

"He brought it on his own head, I tell you," cried the other, fiercely, as though in answer to some reproachful question. "He denied me my rights, my natural rights, and what, but for him, would have been my legal ones. If he had only been fair-spoken, though dishonest—"

"Bah! why trouble yourself," broke in Dick, "with thinkin' about the Thing? It's vain to cry over spilt—"

"He struck me first," continued Master Frank, not heeding the other's interruption; "I feel the blow on my cheek yet. He was a dead man then, and he knew it. I had no idea there was such strength in him, Dick."

"He came of a good stock, you see," observed Murphy, coolly. "The breedin' told at last with him, though it was rather late. Upon my life, Masther Frank, I can't see what you are makin' this bother about, for conscience's sake. He was a bad lot altogether, savin' his brother's presence, and his end is a good riddance to all that's in it. If this had but happened in the ould country, the boys would have stuck by you with alibis and everything necessary, and there would have been no trouble about the matter, at all, at all."

"That may be, Dick; but, unhappily, what has been done, has been done here; and at the very best, it is quite certain that I shall never see the boys again. I must put the broad seas between myself and England, if I would save my neck. And that brings me to what I wished to say at first. If the law takes hold of me, and finds you in my company, it will go hard with you also; for it is as like as not that some one down yonder"—he pointed to the road behind them—"may recognise your honest face. As for me, I am a lost man unless I can leave Europe, and get somewhere out of the reach of what is ordinarily called Justice."

"It's as bad as that, sir, is it?" answered Murphy. "I'd no idea they'd be so hard upon you. It's strange they've the gumption to do it; he knows that if you were with us the Good Cause at home must triumph, sooner or later; and so, all along of a family squabble, he gets you put out of the way."

"No, Dick, no," replied the other mournfully; "the Good Cause is dead, at all events for my lifetime. The match was applied too soon, and so, after a brief flicker, the fire went out, and will now be harder to kindle than ever. I told you how it would be, when you struck the light; and my advice to you now is, to go home as quickly as possible, and lie there quiet, and persuade the boys to do the like. I have plenty of money for you—"

"You're not goin' to *bribe* me to leave you, Masther Frank?" interrupted the other. "It's hard enough to put it so to me, any way."

"Bribe you? of course not, you foolish fellow; I do but point out what is the sensible, and, I think, the proper course for you to adopt. You leave me in good health, and, so far as funds go, in prosperity; you have nothing, therefore, to reproach yourself with."

"Holy Moses, only hear him talk!" ejaculated Murphy. "It isn't Masther Frank at all that I am listenin' to, but Pat Morris, the Limerick attorney! 'Nothing to reproach myself with!' The boys would not think that when I got back to County Tipperary, I reckon. 'And how did you leave the young masther, whom we all love so?' inquires one. 'Oh, finely,' says I; 'unless they've hanged him. I didn't stay to see it out, but filled my own pockets, and—' As sure as death, Masther Frank, I hear horses' hoofs behind us."

"I know it," answered the other calmly; "I have heard them for some minutes. There are two men at least, but it is no matter if there were half a dozen. I will not be taken alive."

"Never a fear of that, Masther Frank. It is much more those gentlemen's look-out nor ours. I've got the pistols under the sate here."

"What pistols?"

"Why, your own, of course. A gentleman never moves without his pistols. I packed them up when I heard tell of you goin' to Falston; 'for,' says I to myself, 'they'll quarrel, will Masther Frank and Louis, to a certainty; and then what a comfort it will be to both to know that everythin' is at hand to settle the business like gentlemen.'"

"Did you think, then, that I should shoot, in cold blood, at my own brother?"

"I thought that there would be a difficulty of some sort—such as one of you, at laste, wouldn't be willin' the lawyers should meddle with. But since that has been got over in another way, so much the better; the pistols are still to the fore. If these gentlemen only knew what was waitin' for them, they wouldn't be in such an infernal hurry. Don't you disturb yourself, Masther Frank; I never was so beautifully fixed for shootin' in my life; it's quite a luxury. But keep the mare well in hand, for she isn't used to standin' fire.

While he was thus speaking, Dick stooped beneath the seat, and drawing from their case a couple of pistols, deliberately capped them, and then sat calmly with one in each hand awaiting events.

"There has enough blood been spilled to-night already," said the other earnestly, without, however, interfering with these preparations for receiving cavalry; "and I would give much to escape these fellows, even upon their own account. Surely it is about here that the road forks to Ascot; if we could only take that turning, and so double upon them, we should be safe so long as the dark held."

"True; but the dark is so horribly dark, I doubt we shall hardly see the turnin'; it must, however, as you say, be somewhere nigh at hand. Keep the mare well in hand, sir; and I'll douse the glims, so that they may not see we have left the road."

"That's well thought of; but they ride fast, those fellows, and you must be quick about it."

"We have five good minutes, Masther Fred; this tearin' wind is with them, and brings up the sound—"

"Stop! Hi! Stop!"

The cry arose right in front them; and the flaring lamps, one of which Murphy was in the act to remove, fell full upon a gesticulating figure standing in the midst of the dark road. It was that of a very young man, attired in homely garments, and bearing the homeliest luggage of the wayfarer—a hedge-stick across his shoulder, at the end of which depended a small bundle.

"Clear the way!" cried Kavanagh, stung to reckless fury by the imminence of the peril behind him, "or I'll drive over you."

But the boy, throwing down his bundle, cast himself upon the bridle of the mare, and clung to it fast, though in her fierce career she carried him along with her, and never ceased his cry of "Stop, stop, stop!"

"I'll 'stop' you, young fellow," muttered Murphy between his teeth, as he clambered back over the dog-cart for a pistol.

"The tree—the fallen tree!" screamed the boy. "Keep to the right, or you are both dead men!"

At that piercing cry, Kavanagh mechanically pulled his right rein, and the vehicle sprang into the air, once, twice, thrice, and then came to a full stop. To leap out was with the two men the work of an instant.

"Hold the mare, boy. Help me here, Dick, to pull the tree right across; so. I don't hear the horses now; how's that?"

"We must have passed the turnin', and they are stoppin' there, in doubt of which road to take."

"Just so. Boy, you have done us a good turn," said Kavanagh kindly; "another foot to the left, and we should have gone to our account; whereas, as it is, we have but got a shaking over the branches. What can we do for *you*?"

"If you'd give me a lift, sir, toward town, I'd be very grateful," said the lad. He was a wholesome, blue-eyed young fellow, with a comely face, flushed with his late exertions, and a bright, eager air.

"You shall have it, lad. Go, fetch your bundle."

"Nay, Masther Frank," remonstrated Murphy, as the young fellow obeyed; "that is surely most imprudent; and there—see—he has noticed how the tree lies."

The boy, whose attention had been hitherto absorbed in holding the mare, was now, indeed, observing with surprise, that that which had been before an obstacle difficult to avoid, was now become an effectual barricade. "Begging your pardon, sir," said he ingenuously, "I fear you have made things worse for the next comers, instead of better."

"What the blazes is that to you, sir?" cried Murphy angrily.

"Hush, hush! The lad is an honest lad," said Kavanagh, "and wants to do right to everybody. I was like that myself, at one time, God help me!—Look here, boy; if *you* were followed by persons who wished to punish you for what they deemed a crime, but of which your conscience held you innocent, would you not do your best to balk them?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," exclaimed the boy, warmly; "moreover, that is just what might be happening to myself now."

"What! Have you been transgressing the laws already? Why, this must be a countryman of our own, Dick!"

Dick muttered something which sounded like a compliment to his country, at the expense of the new-comer.

"I have broken no laws, sir," said the boy, steadily; "I have only run away from step-father."

"Very right, very proper," remarked Master Frank, approvingly. "Curiously enough, I am also running away from my step-mother, Mrs. England.—Why, they're coming, Dick!"

"Of course they are. That's what comes of wasting precious moments in chatterin' to every young vagabond one meets with upon the road; and all the time with them gig-lamps turned round, as much as to say: 'This way; here we are; you've taken the wrong turnin', gentlemen.'"

"They will prove wreckers' lights, to lure them to destruction, Dick. Douse them, douse them."

In one instant all was dark; not a trace of trunk or branch could now be seen of the huge tree that lay before them like a rampart. On the still furious wind was borne once more the sound of galloping hoofs and clanging steel.

"It is the patrol from the Heath," murmured the lad in awe-stricken tones; "I hear the clanging of their scabbards."

The wind was behind their pursuers; the hill sloped from them toward the tree; they were riding at headlong speed.

"Oh, sir! they will be killed. As *you* would have—"

A heavy hand was laid on the lad's mouth, a grasp of iron upon his wrist. He could neither speak nor move, but only listen. Nearer and nearer came the beat of feet, the clang of steel; the very champing of the bits could be heard; then crash, crash came horse and man, with one terrible cry, that seemed to pierce the wintry sky!

CHAPTER II.

TAKING SERVICE.

There was silence, for a minute, save for roaring of the gale, then the boy felt himself lifted into the cart, and away sped the bay mare on her road again, as though she knew that death and ruin were at her heels.

"They're gruelled, Masther Frank," was the first observation that was made in allusion to this catastrophe; "them patrols is too heavy for steeple-chasin'."

"I didn't cut down the tree. Their blood be on their own heads," muttered Kavanagh, gloomily. Then with eagerness, "Where's the boy; I hope he got no hurt?"

"He's here, sir, safe enough. He wanted a lift, so I thought it just as well to give it to him for a mile or two, so as to keep him out of harm's way. If I hadn't gagged the young fellow, he'd 'a given warnin' to them fellows."

"Put him here in front."

"No, no, Masther Frank; you've got your hand full with the mare; and he wriggles like an eel."

"Put him *here*, I say!" repeated Kavanagh, imperiously.

The next instant the lad was swung on to the front seat, with as much ease as though he had been a carpet-bag. And yet he was a fine grown young fellow of seventeen or eighteen, with plenty of strength and vigor of his own, as had been already evidenced by his stopping the mare.

"What is your name, lad?" asked Kavanagh, kindly.

A stifled cough was the only reply.

"You're throttling the boy, Murphy. Did not I tell you to leave him to me?"

"I only put my fingers in his neckhankecher to keep him studdy," exclaimed Murphy, apologetically.

"Then take them out. He has done us a great benefit at the risk of his own life and limb—and I will not have him ill-used. Do you hear me, Murphy?"

It was clear that Murphy had no good-will toward the boy, not to say that, on the whole, he would far rather have strangled him than not; yet his tone was that of absolute submission as he answered,

"I hear you, Masther Frank, and it is done."

"My name is Robert Chesney," said the lad, articulating with some difficulty.

"Take a drop of the crater, Robert Chesney," observed Dick, at the same time handling him a whisky-flask. "There nothin' like it for a sore throat. Never mind av it does burn you a bit: can't you see the masther wants you to talk to him?"

He spoke with entire simplicity; it seemed to him that what Master Frank desired must needs be acceded to by everybody, at no matter what personal inconvenience.

"If it does not hurt you, let me hear your story, boy," said Kavanagh. "How came you to be out on the high-road in such a mad night as this?"

"There are worse things than the winter winds, sir," said the lad, bitterly, "such as cruelty, poverty and hopelessness—and it was they that drove me out in it to-night. I am seventeen, and too old to be beaten any longer by a drunken step-father."

"Unless, by bearing that, you could help your mother," said Kavanagh. There was a tenderness in his voice, which contrasted very strangely with the passion he had so lately exhibited, and with the vindictive coolness which had permitted the patrols to rush upon their doom.

"My mother died last year, sir. There is nobody at home to care for me. Step-father is one of the keepers in the Queen's forest; he never liked me; but of late he has taken to cudgel me, and I could not stand that, even for mother's sake."

"I don't blame you for that, Robert. On the contrary, I should have cudgelled *him*."

"So I did, sir," replied the other, naively. "We had a rough-and-tumble out in the oak copse, and I got the worst of it. I knew it was not so bad as I should get if I waited till to-morrow morning; and so, when he went out to watch, I packed up the few things I could call my own, and ran away. I had scarce got into the road yonder, when the big tree fell, within a yard of me; and seeing your lamps, I ran on ahead to warn you. That's my story."

"All of it?" asked Kavanagh, casting a searching glance at his companion. The rage of the tempest had spent itself, and the stars had begun to peep through the thinning clouds.

"Yes, all of it; so far, at least" (and here, notwithstanding his bold speech, the young fellow blushed like a girl,) "as it concerns you to know."

"'Tis best you keep a civil tongue in your head," exclaimed Murphy, scandalized at this audacity, "when the masther does you the honor to ask a question."

"The lad is quite right," said Master Frank good-naturedly. "We don't boast of our sweethearts at seventeen. Do we, Robert? So the wide world is before you, where to choose, and only one friend in it?"

"Nay sir; I have not one friend."

"You are wrong there, my lad; for no man ever did a good turn to Frank Kavanagh, let me tell you, without making a friend."

An ejaculation of horror burst from Murphy's lips. "There now, we *must* kill him, Masther Frank since you've told him who ye are. Did ever man hear of such madness!" and once more the lad felt his wrist compressed as in a vice, while an arm like a sable stole round his waist.

"Leave the boy, I say!" cried Kavanagh furiously, and for the first time speaking with an Irish accent. "Thousand thunders! have I to speak three times? If you do him hurt, by Heaven, you shall answer to me for it!"

"But he'll tell, Masther Frank."

"*Let* him tell. It would be only undoing what he has done for us, if he did. Yes, boy; I *am* Frank Kavanagh—a name that you will soon hear identified with that of a murderer. Do I *look* like that? I don't deny I did the deed; but yet, I am no murderer. Will you believe them, or me?"

The young fellow looked up in his companion's handsome face, and answered ingenuously: "I shall believe *you*, Mr. Kavanagh; still, I don't think you did right to leave the tree in the road."

"It was a question of those men's lives or mine, Robert Chesney. A hunted man cannot afford to be squeamish. Now look you; I like your face, and would gladly do you a good turn, in guerdon for that you have done to me. What shall it be? You need not fear to ask, boy."

"I was thinking, could you take me into your service, sir!" answered the lad hesitatingly.

"You would find it a very poor one, my good lad," said Kavanagh sadly. "I am a desperate man in desperate case. In a few days, if I escape the vengeance of the law, I shall be leaving England for a distant land, and perhaps forever."

"So be it, sir. Let me go with you. I have heard my stepfather say that England is not the place for a moneyless lad."

"But what had you in your mind to do before we met?"

"I was bound for London, to try my fortune."

"Thinking the streets were paved with gold, like Whittington, I suppose! Have you got a cat in your bundle?"

"He'll have one in his bag—more's the pity," muttered Murphy despondently; "and mark my word, he'll let it out."

"Well, you can hardly be said to change your plan for a worse, since you have none at all, lad," continued Kavanagh. "What can you do with your hands or your head?"

"I can carpenter fairly, sir; and was pretty good at school, in the way of accounts."

"Do you hear *that*, Dick?" said Kavanagh merrily. "The lad knows accounts—a thing which you and I could never compass. Suppose we make him our treasurer, and comptroller?"

This change in Kavanagh's mood from grave to gay, from passionate self justification to almost levity, was by no means shared by his henchman. "You will do as you like, Masther Frank," said he moodily. "I only trust the young man will be grateful and faithful."

"As for faithful, I say nothing of that," said Chesney modestly, "though I will endeavor to prove myself so, if I am taken into your service, sir; but grateful for your good intentions and your kindness, believe me, I already am."

"That's well said, lad," said Kavanagh heartily. And you have 'no objection to travel, as the advertisements say?" In the midst of a light laugh, he stopped, and added gravely: "I am not offering you a place in the household of a man of fortune, nor is it a tour of pleasure that we are about to take. We shall have a hard life, and an uphill fight of it; but if you are content to link your lot with that of an outcast, remember— Well, there's my hand upon it."

"Thank you, sir; thank you," cried the boy, with grateful emotion. "I trust you will never have cause to repent the bargain."

"Amen! but I doubt it," muttered Murphy; then in louder tones: "Ye'll surely make him take the oath, Masther Frank?"

"Not I," laughed Kavanagh. "Why, my poor Dick, do you suppose that the words which bind the boys of County Tipperary will have the same effect on a lad from the royal forest of Windsor? He would not even know their meaning. He has an honest face, and I will take his bare word. Come, you must shake hands with our new friend, as I have done, and then we three will meet the world together."

It was curious, and even comical, to mark the conflict of feeling in Mr. Richard Murphy's face as he received the order. Obedience to Kavanagh was a paramount obligation with him, but he could not conceal the intense disfavor with which he regarded this command.

"It's downright mad you are, Masther Frank. Here's my hand, if you must have it so, but—"

"Give it to him, man, not to me," cried the other, more merrily than ever. "You're as bad to drive as a pig to market. Hold it tight, Dick, and now say these words after me;" and he spoke a long sentence in what Chesney rightly judged to be his native Irish. Slowly and reluctantly, with a face such as a child wears who is taking physic with no jam to follow, Murphy repeated this Abracadabra.

"Now, Dick is your friend as well as mine, lad," said Kavanagh assuringly.

Murphy muttered something in his own tongue which sounded like a menace.

"Don't be rude, Dick; you should never speak the classical languages before those who have not enjoyed the opportunities of making them their own. What he said, my lad, was, as it is only fair to tell you, that he reserved to himself the right of putting you to death, in case you should not keep silence as respects what has happened to-night. Now all is settled satisfactorily; and see—there are the lights of London—our journey is coming to an end."

Robert Chesney looked with eagerness in the direction thus indicated, and

Along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Saw in Heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;
And his spirit leapt within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looked at, in among the throngs of men.

If he had not met with his present fellow-traveller, his excitement would probably have been far greater; for now (although he knew them not) his future plans were to be laid out for him by another; he was not about to plunge alone into that unknown and fathomless human sea. His crude purpose had been, to plod through street after street until he should see a carpenter's shop, and there to stop, and ask for employment. A dream which was not destined to become reality. Neither footsore nor friedless, but seated at his ease, and without any immediate cares, he was at liberty to look about him in the great city.

The dawn was breaking as they entered it, and already the streams of traffic were setting in toward the markets. With the country produce carried in the carts and wagons, he was familiar enough, but that only made the amount of it more striking: what was all that he had ever seen in Windsor street upon a market-day to be compared with it! Then what a noise and tumult arose as the day wore on! How different from the stillness of the forest glades to which he had been accustomed, where the scamper of a rabbit through the fern would startle the air. The streets at first were shuttered, and the gas feebly strove in them against the daylight; then shops began to open, and the thoroughfares to fill; and then again they entered a region where sleep reigned once more. Here the houses were far larger and handsomer, there were statues, too, and gardens; and many a question rose to Chesney's lips, which, however, did not pass them. His companion's face had become pale and moody; the excitement of the night was probably wearing off, and its consequences making themselves clear to him; at all events, he was disinclined for converse. With scarce the interchange of a word, the three passed through the suburbs, the West End, and part of the city. At last Kavanagh pulled up the mare in an unfrequented street.

"She has done a good night's work," said he; then added to himself, with a groan,

"I wish to Heaven I could say as much for her driver. See that they treat her well at the inn, Dick; you will not have much longer to perform that service, since there will be no room for her on shipboard, even if we are so lucky as to get there. Here; take the reins."

"But where are you goin' to, Masther Frank?" asked Dick, aghast.

"To the old place in Herne street. It will be much better for both of us that we should not be seen together for the present. Take the boy with you to Mulvaney's, and let him want for nothing; and stay there till you hear from me.—Chesney, if, in a moment of rash impulse, I have done wrong in coupling your fate with my own desperate fortunes, there is still time for you to cry off the bargain.—You hold to it? Good! Then, I conclude you will need no warning, but be in readiness to start with us in a moment's notice—it may be to-morrow night, though Heaven alone knows whither. In the meantime, here are the means to make merry with."

The next instant the speaker had pressed two pieces of money into the lad's hand, and was retracing, with rapid strides, the way that he had come. At the end of the street was a warehouse, with a crane projecting from its third floor, from which depended a thick rope; under this he stopped, looked up at it significantly, and placed his hands around his neck, then walked on at increased speed.

"Blessed St. Francis, did you see *that?*" inquired Murphy, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"I did," said Chesney; "but I don't think Mr. Kavanagh knew that he was doing it."

"Not know what he was doin'? D'ye mean to say that the young masther has got the faver in his brain again— But maybe he was only jokin'. He was always full of jokes, and fun, and thricks in the ould days—in the ould, ould days."

There was a tremor in Murphy's voice that instantly drew his companion's eyes upon him.

"Don't laugh at me, lad," exclaimed he, fiercely, as he shook the bridle, and the gallant mare made shift to trot once more: "don't jeer me, lest I strike you dead." The tears were coursing down Dick's weather-beaten cheeks like rain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Emily learning at last that these sudden disappearances of her captor meant absence, cautiously explored the limits of her prison. There was no apparent mode of egress discoverable to her eye. On one side of the cave the low and sullen gurgling of falling water detained her advancing foot, for she knew not to what depth an inadvertent step might plunge her; but she felt assured that the phantom always showed himself first upon that quarter, and, therefore, the opening, doubtless, was there.

But as time, which she had no method of counting, passed, hope gave place to gloom bordering on despair.

She continually traversed her prison now, regardless of the broken speech and growling of her jailor. Resolved at last to bring on some sort of a crisis, she seized upon a lighted brand and recklessly advanced toward the noisy stream. He seemed amazed at her action, and sprang up and hurled the brand from her hand, then suddenly jerking her up in his spish arm, he plunged strait down toward the brawling water. She offered up a quick prayer to Heaven believing that her life was about to be sacrificed. He floundered through the shallow brook, and whirling about applied his herculean shoulders against what seemed the solid wall of rock. A huge boulder swung outwardly, letting into Emily's blinded eyes the mellow radiance of the sunset hour. Had the ape's arm relinquished its hold she must instantly have gone to destruction. They were standing upon a shelf of rock, like an eagle perched in his eyrie, while hundreds of feet below the plain broke in a green, flower-spangled level sea against the precipitous mountain. Her dizzy sight saw that the shelf was many yards in length, rounding off to less than a foothold at either end, and her first fearful impression returned to her, that the phantom had the wings of a dragon. How inexpressibly beautiful the low country looked even to her dazzled and weakened vision. The mellow folds of gossamer piled along the west where the departed sun tinged the evening vapors with a glory not of earth, and the far-away mountains towering in their robes of purple mist until their tops seemed lifted into Heaven. And here and there, along the chain, connected with the cliff upon which she stood, threads of silver water were running down the slopes and singing among the caverns. She could fancy how the birds were tuning their vesper songs; and the clear buoyancy of the air, from which she seemed likely to be forever shut out, caused a momentary temptation to enter her mind. Why not spring from the cliff upon the rocks below and end these horrors? The grip of the spish arm recalled her to the fact that no childish grasp retained her. Once more inhaling the fragrant air, and warned by the growl of her jailor, she offered no resistance when he again whirled upon the rocky aperture and bore her over the flood.

It would be vain to imagine what the creature's intentions were in regard to his captive. One thing was apparent, however, he did not intend that his bird should escape. Whether he looked upon her as a child might look upon a rare jewel, as something pretty and companionable to have and to hold, or whether darker projects filled his slow and clotted brain, it were impossible to conjecture. But Emily looked now upon her former captivity with the Indians on the open, accessible plain as a desirable state of existence compared to her present lot. Only her exalted faith in the competency of the Supreme Being, if it were His will, to deliver her from six and from seven dangers, prevented her from going distracted. Faith was her armor, prayer her safeguard.

And the dreadful days passed slowly on, although she knew not when the night fell upon the outside world, for she dared not immediately again force her jailor to allow her a glimpse of nature.

All the speech with which he replied to her was monosyllabic, and that was accompanied by so much exertion and such a rattling in the chest, as made any attempt at conversation painful to her.

For the second time, very many days having elapsed since her first exit, she made the dwarf understand that she wanted to be allowed to go outside again. He gesticulated rapidly, and seemed disinclined to comply. On her urging him, he went through a pantomime of making her understand that the sun was high up yet and would burn her eyes.

She signified that later would do, and he articulated "yah!"

Nearly every time of his return he brought fresh venison, and occasionally corn, but his hairy hands made the poor girl recoil, for they were red with the blood of man or beast on nearly every occasion of his coming back.

Gradually a feeling of horror akin to growing madness chilled her heart. What if she were doomed to pass the rest of her life in that dreadful cavern with that wolfish mon-

ster for her only companion. When she slept her dreams were more terrible than her waking experiences, and only the respites from his presence during his regular absences allowed her brain to retain its balance. Without the least work for her hands to do and thus occupying her mind, she could only pile the faggots upon the blaze and lie upon the skin couch, and watch the glowing flames leap and struggle and make ruddy pictures.

When we are unhappy, memory of pleasanter days and scenes is often exquisite torture. Thus Emily found her thoughts running persistently back over her past life and contrasting it with the present. These odd, extravagant retrospections would not "down" at the bidding, and thus her torment went on day after day until her brain was ready to burst.

After some time had passed from her first movement to go outside the cave, she again motioned the phantom to allow her egress. He staggered up to his unwieldy height, tucked her, something like a sack of corn, under his long arm, clucked and splashed and spattered through the pool, and pushed open the boulder. This, by some infernal mechanism of his own, seemed to revolve at his touch, and came back into place with a defying click of its stony lips, making what seemed a natural block in the granite wall of the precipice.

It was the hour of early twilight when, for the second time, the captive stood upon the ledge. A storm was clearing up along the west, a broad belt of yellow summer sky lifting above the distant mountains. The air was sweet with the perfume of thousands of dewy flowers that distil their sweets at sunset, and insect life was out in tumultuous glee.

By what means could the hideous dwarf leave and return to that mountain cave? Below was the precipitous cliff with the mountain stream tumbling from shelf to shelf, and the noisy fissures guzzling the foaming liquid like so many insatiable beer-drinkers; and above, not even an antelope could ascend from the shelf whereon they stood, to the summit over them. At each side the shelf narrowed in, not allowing a foothold. At last the horrible suspicion came with full conviction to Emily's mind that the creature was indeed supernatural; and there burst from her lips unconsciously a low, despairing cry. The apish arm gesticulated angrily, and indeed why should she care to utter another sound? From far to near, over wide, windy miles on miles of lower plain, no moving image of man or beast met her agonized glance. The world might as well be dead, and herself a lost soul chained in eternal captivity, for all there seemed of earthly aid or succor that could reach her dreadful fate. A feeling of mortal sickness came over her. She closed her eyes, and the faint sounds of insect life below and around her came to her senses as do the last echoes of earth to the dying.

Vast and trackless as seemed that waste of plain, still and soundless as far as human eye could discern from the eyrie in the cliffs, yet for many a still or stormy summer night patient feet had been eating up the distance of the monotonous tract, and many a mellow dawn had witnessed fierce eyes searching for a chance trail across its breadth and length.

It is for our ears, not hers, to hear the slow, startled exclamation, "Is that a big horn yonder on the cliff? No, God of the universe! it's the phantom—I've seen it afore—it's the phantom of the Black Hills—an'—an'—down, Dicky, into the kiver ov the bush."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON THE TRAIL.

To go back a little way, we find Wertzal and Rubber Dick striking straight across the plains for the southern boundary of the hills. So sure was the old scout that the miscreant had borne his captive into some of the fastnesses of this mountainous range, that he made only necessary pauses for rest and prudential reasons, and then hovered among the cliffs and ravines, searching every nook and corner for some trace of the lost girl. Over bold, projecting spurs, coming often into narrow, verdurous valleys teeming with animals of different kinds fattening upon the rich summer pasturage, they cautiously explored every foot of country which they passed. Thus the weeks slipped fruitlessly away.

"If this ere war a guvernmunt contract, an' we war doing the job by ther day, 'twould be a payin' business," remarked Wertzal, as they camped down in a cosey hollow among the rocks.

"Yah!" acquiesced Dicky.

"Ter-morrow I'm gwine ter hunt surreptitiously about here, an' you've gut to git a crack at some kind ev meat. This ere buffaler was contermaciously jerked afore we hed yanked it about this warty bit ov country. But yer keep a sharp eye out, Dicky, in the forrard watch, fur all them ar explosions to ther west last night wern't in the bowels of the Rockies. I'm peaky afeared that them ar bodkin fellers may hev seen the trade-mark ov our heels in the soft places."

"Me hear tham—too thin echoes fur mountain spirits—some long barrel—some powder thar."

"Ther we run pair-o-lel, an' ez it seems stormy, we may expect a caterwaulin' of the tode—lengthwise the pipin' ov the devil of the hills. I want jest ter find the pint ov the compasses from which it starts, fur in reality I'm on a double experdish—ter find the leetle gal and the peg on which that ar phantom hangs his hat. I've allus made a note on't that when the elements air musical that cuss goes up his gamut like a stage horn. Mind yer biz, Dicky, an' call me on the last send of ther night."

With this Wertzal got his anatomy on the "horizontail," and closed his one eye in slumber.

In dreams he became a stage-driver, and was blowing a deafening peal on his horn, when Rubber Dick introduced his knuckles to Wertzal's ribs in forcible style.

"You get up—you hear um big squeal—much squeal yonder."

"'Thar she blows,' ez sailors say, thar she blows, an' it winds down that gray bluff ez we noticed an' spoke ov afore campin' down."

After listening a moment, he resumed:

"No human bein' ever made that ar noise with the leather bellows giv him by natur; an' in a tussel he'd cum in ahead on wind, by all the saints in the oullender."

After the middle of the night the cries returned, satisfying the listeners that they were near the creature's lair.

Fortunately the next day was lowery and misty, and the vapor clung so closely around the hills for some hours in the morning that Wertzal worked gradually toward the gray bluff, which he mentioned the night before, while Dicky went westerly to try a shot upon some chance game, if he should sight it. The vapors clearing at noon, Wertzal moved forward with extreme caution, and finally drew into a cavity in the side of the hill to await nightfall. A little before sunset he chose to change his position, and coming to a brawling stream he was crossing, it when he discovered a curious track made by the edge of and partly under a rock that shelved over the water. The scout, familiar with all sorts of tracks, found himself at a loss on this one.

It seemed that of neither man nor beast, but very much as if a huge mason's trowel with the end squared, had been borne into the moist earth. There was only one. Whatever made it evidently planted one extremity there, on leaving the water, and placed the other, or others, upon the ledge above.

At nightfall Dicky cautiously returned without the requisite roast, having discovered a few fellows bearing strips of bent ash scouring about the valley, who had evidently spoken for game in that vicinity. It was that very twilight, when the mellow summer sky was clearing over the far-away mountains, that without previous warning the apparition of the phantom appeared upon the high, overhanging shelf.

The unexpected vision at first seemed to paralyze Wertzal's senses; but in a moment he had an iron grip upon Dicky's arm and was hoarsely whispering—

"Hist! look yonder, what in God's name is that devilish ape gwine to—Break my bones, ef thar ain't the gall we're arter. Hist, Dicky—move so much ax er toe, an' I'll hev yer life. 'Fore Heaven! what's he gwine to do with her?"

Dicky made a motion to raise his rifle.

"Yer mustn't," exclaimed Wertzal in a fierce whisper "he'd kill her sure—that's only a foothold they're on—don't move a finger. Thar! d'ye hear her cry?"

"Lemme pick him—me fire."

"Ef ye do, Dicky, I'll murder ye. Don't yer see one flop of the—ov ther critter—an' I can't make out whether its beast 'er devil—and she'd be tossed upon the rocks below. How came that thing to hev her any way? An' whar'd they heave in sight from?—thar they go inter the very face of the cliff. It's my opinion, Rubber Dick," elevating his voice a trifle, "that we've got a piece ov biz thar more contermaciously hard to settle to the satisfaction ov all parties than a government contract."

"Much work—much, heap hard work," returned the half-breed. "Swap tother eye, Wertz."

"You git! the fellar as puts out this other orgin ain't horned yit, but I ain't agwine to say, but that thar may be some difficulty about the style of wearin har. Leastwise, thar ain't no sight into nor out ov this ere job. Let's argy the prose an' corns as the fort fellers—peace ter thar cinders—used to say. Fustly, I can't honestly say that I hanker fur a clinch with the critter as hes jest showed his bigness on the rocks yender; but the gall's got to be took outer his clutches, sure."

"How—you say?"

"Dicky, yer a funny fellar ter ask questions, an' I wouldn't mind ef yo'd arnser that one yo've jest propounded. We've seen the front entrance to his domicile, but whar's the back way? That's the only chance we ken hav 'to walk into my parlor.'"

But for two days they carefully searched for some sign of access to the cliff and found none.

From the eastern side the high, bold bluff was easily enough reached by man or beast making upward in easy gradations, but there came a stopping place on the verge of the precipice down which you could dizzily gaze for many yards without observing a foothold for an antelope. Wertzal and Dicky retreated from this point as cautiously as they had advanced. They next endeavored to follow up the brawling stream, but the boulders seemed loose and dangerous, and as they advanced up its subterranean course, it appeared simply a tempting of Providence; for if one ventured to explore alone and left the other outside as sentinel, the roar and echo of the flood would drown all shouts for help.

"Its my opinion, Dicky, ef we git in thar we sha'n't stand a lively chance of either rescuing the gall or ourselves."

"No much fun thar," pointing up to the dark opening or mouth from which spluttered and foamed the thin wide sheet of water that leaped in fantastic forms on the rocks below. "Sometimes git into big kittle—no bottom; bubble some—go down—no likee much."

"Wall, wall, wall by all the saints in the oullender, I'm nonplushed this time"—scratching his hair about wildly—"nonplushed. That cuss yender is a practickel jokist, he's gone inter a hole, and then pulled the hole in arter him. What then?"

"Watch some—comes out alone—take my gun—so—ping! I got him."

"Dicky, yer a babe in wisdum—a babe. Let the eagle feed its nestling till we hev clomb to the airy; besides, Rubber Dick, I've the very best opinion ov ye fur a mungril, but if ye harm a har ov that critter's uniform unprovoked, you'n I'll git into an argument as 'll be more pinted than friendly. Don't yer know that onct the party ter which I'd buckled on in business connection would ev been gobbled, ter a man, by Komanches, if it hadn't a been that ar leetle fly yender begun ter buzz; and ef ever yer heerd Injin grunts and seed the bottome of Injin mogersons, thar was a display then. Yer mustn't choke that fellar's wind, Dick, unless you an I's ter part company."

"You big, ugly one-eye! You plan—much brave—heap work!"

"Dicky don't yer show the white ov yer eyes that way. Here, you take my pipe and smoke like a volkanic corruption, while I chase an idee round my skull an' see if I ken git it inter shape."

For some time nothing was said, but finally, Wertzal proposed his plan.

The night promised to be stormy. For three days they had heard nothing of the phantom. He would probably go forth with the storm. They must then clamber up the mountainous hill, knot together the pieces of rope which each wore coiled about his loins, and one of them must swing off from the cliff, while the other should pay out the cord until, if possible, the shelf could be gained. Then, there must be a blind and hazardous search for the movable rock, with the merest chance of ever finding it, and the not improbable fate of being cast headlong from the shelf.

After discussing this matter in all its bearings, it was the only plan of any kind offering itself to the mind of either man. They, therefore, waited impatiently for night and darkness. They camped down in a sheltered angle as far up the hill as they dared.

Hour after hour passed, and the scout began to grow impatient and to fear that the creature was likely to remain holed. But at last the long wail began in the very bowels of the earth, growing louder each moment until it seemed to sting the air about their ears; and then it fell off upon the plain in foreboding echoes.

"Now's the time, Dicky."

"Me go down thar—if fall come—leap much—no kille."

"Thar's sum strength to that argument, Dicky, but thar's another pint to be considered. Ef yer should find the hole an' go in, although fur honesty an' ginerel integrity yer an advance on all yer nation, but ye're gut the reglar family feaders—an' the gall ain't likely to take kindly to the half-breed, an' might, on suddenly beholdin' yer, afore ye'd interdooced yerself, be led to do some'at despit. No, it wouldn't be safe fur yer to appear suddenciously upon her—allus pervidin' we find the blow-hole, an' so, Dicky, it's me that must weigh anker an' dance the tight rope on this pertickler occashin."

Wertzal knotted the cord—fearfully small it seemed—under his arms, felt out a smooth projecting point of rock around which to brace the rope, and then giving the half-breed a few directions, he caught up the strong club which he had provided for the purpose, and let himself over the face of the cliff. His last directions were:

"Let my bufferlo skin frock lay fast on the edge of the rock to save the rope from chafin; brace yer feet agin that boulder, an' if I go to flinders on the stones, ye hurry back ter the settlements an' tell 'em wher she is. Ef I don't cum back this way, destroy all traces ef ye can ov our visit, an' make big tracks till ye find Ben Burke. Mind the signals, Dicky—as far as airth is consarned my life, apparently, is in yer hands; an' I shall hev yer respects in the manner ye do yer biz. Good luck, Rubber Dick, any how."

"Yah! git down! git down? Me git you back—big jerks—yah!"

Down the cliff went the scout by jerks, sure, nudging his moccasined toes upon every trifling projection to spare his weight from the cord; and keeping himself from striking the flinty wall with his stick. In due time he finds a wider step beneath his feet, even out so as to support his heel. He is then upon the shelf. He gave three sharp jerks, as preconcerted, and immediately Dicky looped down the remaining slack. Carefully he crept along. Ah, his outer hand has but a narrow grasp. He is to the extremity of the shelf on that side. He got carefully upon his feet. The wind began to freshen. It might break up the clouds and bring out the old moon, wasted indeed to her last quarter, and too lazy to rise above the eastern horizon. But would a dim, uncertain light benefit the scout? no more, perhaps, than that of day. He began sounding the wall, inch by inch, with his brawny shoulders. They prickled and grumbled with the rough treatment, and he soon tired of this, so turning about he took his stout knife in his hand and drew it carefully along feeling for a fissure. When he came to one he followed the seam until he found the termination both above and below. It was laborious business, with the dread soon of the phantom's return. After a time, moving with the greatest care, he found another seam. This one his knife followed in a sort of oval direction completely around a boulder. He placed his ear to the crevice, and it seemed as if he could distinguish the brawling of water within as well as without. He now braced his shoulders against this rock and lifted with all his strength. Immovable. A little beyond he tried again, and the second time, and the heavy block whirled in so suddenly that he nearly lost his balance.

He now signalled for Dicky to let the rope alone entirely, and unfastening it from his body, he wound it around his bludgeon, and that he placed so as to intercept the shutting in of the stone door closely again.

He listened. Before him, judging from the sound, leaped a cataract; but did he hesitate, before stepping into that Plutonian darkness? Not he; far away beyond twinkled the starry eye of a smouldering fire.

Recklessly almost, he plunged into the noisy darkness, splashing the water upon him, but finding it opposite the opening in the cliff shallow and safe. A little farther down it slid in a web of a thousand tiny threads over a miniature precipice and fell into the world outside. Wertzal being modelled after a pair of tongs—a veritable wading bird—plashed undismayed toward the light. He saw nothing but the blinking embers, heard nothing but the noisy waterfall, until suddenly and unexpectedly tripping his two toes into the pile of skins, he fell with the rush of a patent, portable tornado, across the couch upon which Emily was dreaming her ogerish fancies, for sleep it could not be called.

"Jupiter O-lymp-pus!" muttered Wertzal, vigorously rubbing a rising protuberance on his skull.

At the sound of his voice a sudden gasp proclaimed a wild shriek, checked before its utterance.

"My God! who is present?" whispered the trembling captive, reaching out her hands in the darkness.

"Friends, gall. I'm down here an' in here, but the Lord alone knows if I'm ever to git out."

"Is it?—is it?—" Gasping sobs checked her speech.

"It's old Wertzal, gall; but in God's name, is thar no other way out of this dog-canal but by the shelf of rock? Think an' speak quick, fur time wan't no more precious when the Lord created the world than it is for us now."

"There must be some other way in which the creature comes and goes, but I know of none."

"What on arth and in Heaven can be done? Ef I dare leave yer an' go back to ther settlements fur apparatuses—but it may hev more holes—"

"Don't—don't—never leave me alive," she cried, clinging around the neck of the old man, whom she knew as her previous rescuer, "by all your hopes of Heaven end my torture, if I cannot escape. I am going mad."

"Cum out ov that sudden, or I will leave yer. I swar I'm a'most—wall, thar, ye've got a cool head, I noticed on a former short acquaintance—now, then, two minnits will decide what yer ken and what yer can't do. I got down here by a piece of common rope, which a half-breed—don't shudder so—it's the scout, Rubber Dick, holds above on the bluffs. Ef we're quick an' ye're steady and don't mind a contermacious choking round the gizzard, I'll put yer into the knot fust and let him haul yer up, an' then he'll let the noose down to me. What say?"

"Anything—anything; death from the dizzy cliff, in trying to escape, is better than to remain."

"That's yer mind—come, lively;" and he caught her in his arms and waded across the stream.

"Don't yer move a finger, gall, ef yer do we're gone to perdition—keep a grip tight on my arm, while I push this rock aside an' get hold ev the noose. Easy—easy, for God's sake don't move an inch; the shelf is narrer—an'—an'—don't think ev nothing but me an' what I'm sayin'. Now, jerk, jerk; that means fur Dicky to brace himself to wind up—don't lift a finger—don't speak; thar the noose is over yer head—now raise one arm through it—now the other—the knot is firm; thar's some dents that ye'd better gut yer toes agin to rest yerself an' Dick. Take yer left hand holt ov the rope above yer head to keep a kind of a balance—turn round to face the cliff. Take this billet ev wood and kinder pick along up to steady yerself an' ter keep from bumpin'. Don't be skeered—it's earn, bless God! if 'tis dark. Now then, I'm guine afore the rope tightens to signal Dicky to be quick—he's sure, and as the cliff slopes back like an Injin's forrard, yer jest stand the squeeze and let him hist. Now—one—two—three! There it tightens—up—up—up! up—up—up!—thar! the Lord help her; ef the cord slips off the leather on the rock above, it'll fray into shoe-strings in a minute. There!—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—how long?—what's that thump, thump, thump? God 'ev marsy! a loosened rock, an' I thought 'twas her. 'Leven, twelve—how long? Hist! thar's that whistle—Dicky's safety signal. Wait—listen. Slif, slif, slif! here comes the noose an' the billet anangled in. Slif, slif! strait as a bodkin; what er plumber the feller'd be. Now git in, Wertzal, git in; what in the deuce yer shaking for so like a cold dorg? git in, git in. What if that rope is chafed? What if it don't hold?—the gall's up;—thar, Dicky, take the signal, an' if yer get me up the face ov the cliff, I shall know this ain't no common rope, that's all. Jupiter! how he winds up; he'll hev it smokin' hot an' afire—take keer ov yer tracks, Wertzal, a false step an' a danglin' weight, and pop would go ther fibers—up—up—up! a leetle more—one, two, three! this is meraculus. I'm—whoa! I'm up! Air yer guine ter wind me over the Rocky Mountings inter Airyzona? What the deuce Dicky—yer windin' my nose among these eye flint stuns contermaciously."

"I no wind much this time. Gall wind—heap fast—have to shoo her some—makee cord smoke."

"Aye, which way now, Dicky? arter I git my nose out ev this fish-sure!"

"Strait down, no git muchee way. Big squeal soon."

"Oh," exclaimed Emily, in an agonized whisper, "go some where from this dreadful place. I know not which way the creature comes."

"And I don't keer, perticklerly, my gall—thar's two agin one—"

"But I don't think he—it—is human."

"Wall, we'll move a leetle—further. I hev doubts in my own mind; I s'pect—by all the saints in the oullender—"

He didn't finish, for the foreboding echoes were already responding to that indescribable cry.

They noiselessly moved down the rough and dangerous way, a scout acting as guide upon either side, to stay, or steady, the poor captive's flying feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

BY NED P. MAH.

What a change a few short months had worked in my existence! Here, beneath the spreading branches of the old oak-trees that cast the shade of centuries, I recline in what seems a blissful dream—a dream so blissful that I almost fear some dread awakening—and gaze up at the mild, beautiful face that looks down upon mine with eyes so full of a limitless affection that my momentary fears are lulled in spite of myself. And yet, three months ago, that face was to me but the phantom of a divine ideal, that I might, indeed, worship from afar, but never, never reach. What wonder then that it requires all my power of intellect to grasp the delightful fact that this beauty, all this grace, and worth, and goodness are mine, mine while life shall last, for its owner is my bride—the bride of a month.

And here, while the birds trill their love-songs overhead, answered by the deeper, silent love-songs of our souls; while the distant voices of the merry children on the village green, a mere phantom of sound, reach us faintly in the fitful waftings of the summer breeze; here, in the bright summer sunlight, all nature rejoicing and dancing around us in the exuberant life-giving influence of the year's most genial season; here, as within a modern Eden, far from the sin and turmoil and wrangling and contention of a far-off world, I break the jealous seals of a mysterious package, and while my wife plies busily the magic pencil that reproduces in glowing colors, with its mimic art, the broad green acres and the far-off ruins of the ancestral domain, read aloud to her a story that, breathing of that far-off world of sin and shame, tells of the trail of that serpent which not even Eden might exclude:

"To GERALD FAMQUHAR PELHAM,

"To be opened after his marriage.

"THE CONFESSION OF JONATHAN ARNOLD.

"What induces me to reveal a secret which might die with me, and which has been so well preserved? In part, I suppose, I am influenced by the approach of death to make a clean breast of the fraud which, once begun, circumstances have rendered a necessity during these last few years of my life; and, to be thoroughly honest with you, I am, without doubt, actuated by a kind of pride which I cannot help feeling, even at this solemn moment when I am rapidly approaching my grave, in the consciousness of having carried out unfalteringly and successfully a bold idea. And first, before I proceed to tell how this bold idea originated, and how, having once determined on its execution, I was led on, step by step, till retreat became impossible, let me conjure you, by all you hold most sacred, by the love which you bear her who, before you open this packet, will have been united to you for better or for worse, if you would have me rest in my grave, do not, from any false ideas of right and wrong, spurn from you the wealth which has come to you, and of which no one can be more deserving, because it has been given you by one who has lived an acted lie. No, take it as unhesitatingly as you would have taken it from the uncle, whom you believed I was; take it from one who has neither kith nor kin, but who loves you and your intended bride as never he loved his kith or kin, one who hopes it may bring to you the happiness it never brought to him. And now for my confession.

"Imagine a tent, occupied by your uncle Percy and myself, upon the shores of a great lake in the far west of North America. On the day my story opens your uncle died. Forgive me if I appear abrupt; I don't wish to seem unfeeling, but I am of a rough nature, and must tell my story in my own rough way. Well, then, as the sun went down, his poor weak life flickered and went out. I'm a rough man, as I said, but I believe I cried. You see he'd been talking in that womanish soft way of his about what a friend I'd been to him, and about home, and about Amy, and how I was the only man now he was going that he'd like her to marry, and how, if ever I went to England, I must promise him to see her and tell her how he loved her to the last, and how I must try to console her and tell her what his last wish was. And so, as I sat there in the gloaming and thought, and then lit the birch-bark torch, and throwing the blanket across his face, began to gather up the papers and photographs and things that lay littered about his bed, a little thought crept into my mind edgeways, and the more I tried to quiet it, the more it asserted itself and would be heard. Then I remember that, taking a likeness of my own from among the little packet he always kept by him, I sat down and compared it with the face of the dead as he lay there with the brown blanket covering his mouth and chin like a great dark beard. Thus disguised, the face of the dead was my face! My nose, forehead and eyes were his nose, forehead and eyes; our hair, too, was of the same tint; our height within half an inch; our voices, well perhaps they were not alike, but people who had not seen him since he was a boy would be none the wiser. Why, I asked myself, should not I—I, possessing just what he lacked, life and health and wealth—step into his place in the world, which would give me just what I wanted—friends, position and a wife?

"And, the more I thought it out, the more feasible it became. Through the long years that I had known him, and watched him slowly sinking into his early grave, had not I become acquainted, as well acquainted as himself, with every detail of his early life? Had I not, should memory fail me, his diary there to guide me? And then I took up Amy's picture (we always called her Amy when we spoke together) and, knowing her as I knew her from his constantly talking of her, the picture seemed to glow with a living beauty, and the sweet soul seemed to look out of the mild eyes with a glance of encouragement and welcome. That decided me. From that moment my mind was made up.

"I took Percy's corse in my arms and carried him down to the dark shore. I took two large stones and bound them securely with buffalo thongs to his head and feet. I stripped myself, put Percy into the canoe, and paddled out about a mile to the deepest part of the lake. Then I upset the canoe, stove a hole through her bottom with the paddle, and swam back to the shore. That was the last of the real Percy Pelham.

"Then I packed such of Percy's sketches and papers as might be valuable to me, secured a sufficient quantity of our remaining provisions, strapping them in a blanket on the back of our wiry Indian pony, and breaking up with a few blows of the axe our rudely-constructed cart, piled it and the tent and all our other possessions together upon the fire, and slinging my rifle and powder horn about my body, leapt astride my Indian steed, and urging him to a swift canter, turned my back forever on the beautiful medley of lake and mountain which Percy had so revelled in, and my face toward the nearest point of civilization.

"Arrived at that point, I turned my faithful little horse loose upon the prairies to shift for himself, procured myself decent habiliments, and made my way by the most direct route to New York.

"Then I lost no time in realizing all my property, turning everything into English drafts, bank notes, or sovereigns.

"This done, I sailed for England in the City of New York, having previously got myself up in every detail of dress and idiosyncrasy as my dead friend, *i. e.*, my dead friend with a beard, armed with all Percy's credentials, having destroyed every scrap of evidence of the existence of Jonathan Arnold. That was the beginning of the false Percy Pelham.

"I had written to Amy and to Amy's father to tell them that I was on my way home, thoroughly reinstated in health and with quite a little fortune in money. I tried to model my letter to Amy after the last which I had read of Percy's, in which he had fortunately concealed his real state, or, rather had said nothing, having no idea of approaching danger, but believing himself, with the happy self-delusion of the consumptive, to be getting better every day. But it was hard work to come up to Percy's high-flown style, and to reach the poetic elevation of his love-utterings. However, I did my best, and I don't think it could have been bad, as Amy never detected the fraud. But the handwriting? you ask. Well, you see Percy wrote the most impatient, boyish, irritable, variable hand imaginable. I cannot imagine any one ever having the hardihood to swear even to his signature. I found that I only had to write as badly as I could, holding my pen the while somewhat more loosely in my fingers than was my wont, to imitate his style exactly.

"I own I was a little nervous on the day that brought me first face to face with my dead friend's affianced bride, but any nervousness I exhibited was taken, no doubt, as the working of my strong emotions. My reception was all that I could wish, and I, on my part, was more than charmed. Amy's portrait, even when interpreted by all Percy's glowing eulogiums, fell far short of the original.

"If there had been any suspicion in Amy's mind, if her finer instinct detected some irresponsive chord in my nature which only a woman's delicate sense could detect, such suspicion must have vanished before the evidences of my memory, with which I overpowered her in our afternoon rambles through the grounds and garden. Here we had plighted our childish faith, there we had exchanged apples and plums, she, Eve-like, giving me the former, which 'I did eat;' there I had buried her favorite dove, yonder I hooked the big fish which had bitten her. Zounds! I knew every crook and corner of the place as well as she. Hadn't Percy, poor, weak, childish Percy, delighted in drawing plans of the old place, and chattering away by the hour of every trivial incident connected with his happy childhood?

"'But, Percy dear,' said Amy one day, 'how did you ever manage to make so much money? I never thought you would get rich.'

"'My darling, it was that good Jonathan—you have heard of Jonathan?—who found a good market for my sketches. I should never have introduced myself to the world, but for him.'

"'Oh, yes! I remember the Jonathan of your letters. Why did you not bring him with you? I am sure I should have liked him.'

"'My love, Jonathan is dead.'

"Well, the time for our marriage approached; but, as it drew nearer and nearer, Amy's soul withdrew itself further and further from mine; the distance, at first imperceptible, was now, disguise it as we might, a yawning gulf.

"I have no doubt what was amiss, what Amy found lacking. Struggle as she might against the repulsion, casting out as a sin all suspicion, all doubt, which seemed to her pure soul a want of loyalty to her affianced husband, still she missed the poetic side of her Percy's character. She thought him altered. And the alteration was unfortunately in the very point which appealed most forcibly to her own sympathies. Oh! short-sighted Jonathan, that looked merely on the surface and forgot the soul! Were you so blind that you could not see that the very aptitude for stooping to a base action was a sufficient difference between your worldly heart and Percy's pure honor to upset the cunningest disguise?

"The day before that appointed for the wedding, Amy sought me in the Ghost's Walk. I could see she had been crying.

"'Percy,' she said, 'I am very weak and foolish. Will you please not to scold me?'

"'My darling!'

"'Percy, I am afraid I don't love you—not as a wife ought, you know—quite.'

"'My love, my own little queen, my beauty, your commonest regard would be more to me than another woman's love.'

"'Percy, I will do my duty to you. I will try hard, O so hard, to love you; but if you think that somebody else might love you—and I am sure there are many, many that would—as I cannot, but as you deserve, then you are free.'

"As she uttered these words, trying hard to smile through her tears, a whirl of thought rushed through my mind. Never till that moment had I thought of the meanness of the deceit I had practised. It had never presented itself from that point of view before.

"But what was best to do. If I were to tell her the plain truth the shock might kill her. If I were to renounce her, finding that in addition to the alteration in her Percy, he no longer loved her, she would likely mope and die. Besides, my own love for her, stronger than the love I had ever felt for any woman, pleaded that both these plans were unfeasible. I could no longer live without her. It was beyond my power to renounce her now.

"So, we were married, but Amy shivered as she stood before the altar, and the hand on whose finger I placed the ring was cold as marble. The beautiful bride that I led away that day was like a tinted statue of the Amy that had embraced me with such a tender welcome a few months before.

"Half maddened by my wife's coldness, and by the sight of the evident struggle which embittered her existence, for she battled with her own repugnance as with a deadly sin, I relieved her as much as possible from my presence, and sought in the pursuance of manly sports—in riding hard to hounds and as an amateur in dangerous steeple-chases—for an excitement which might act as a counter irritant.

"I was to ride one day in a four-mile steeple-chase with some ugly leaps in it. The other horses were to be ridden by professionals, but still I preferred to ride my own. As I passed to the paddock with a light overcoat over my jockey rig, I found my wife's carriage already upon the ground, with some ladies of her acquaintance.

"'Percy,' she said, leaning from the landau, with an unusual tenderness in her tone, 'I wish you would get some man to ride "Highflyer," instead of yourself, to-day.

"'Why, Amy?' I asked.

"'Oh! I don't know,' coloring; 'the danger, and the others are all professionals, you know.'

"The interest—an unwonted interest—which she evinced, had pleased me. But was it not rather the degradation of my competing with professional jockies which had caused her to speak? Bah, it was her pride, not personal interest in me, which had roused her.

"I leaped lightly on 'Highflyer's' back, and began the preliminary canter.

"Then came the start, and away we went over the black fence and the double rail and hedge, and across the brook, and over another hedge and ditch, and so to the great jump of the day, a stone wall on the top of a low bank, with bad taking-off ground and worse the other side. Safe over this and the day was mine. The field was pretty well weeded, and only two whom I could call antagonists remained. The next leap was a mere nothing—a small hedge with a low rail in it—of so little importance that there were no bystanders. I was just rising to this, 'Highflyer' going easily with a slight lead, when I heard a sudden rush, felt a treacherous touch of a toe beneath my heel, and a muttered oath in my ear, and was sensible of being hurled violently from my saddle. Then I lost consciousness.

"The first words I heard when I was again capable of hearing, were spoken by an old servant whom Amy had told me had nursed me when I was little:

"'What an ugly scratch. Right over the pretty strawberry mark on his left breast.'

"And so a friendly stump had obliterated the only clue (unless they shaved me and exposed my retreating chin,) which would have proved my non-identity with Percy Pelham.

"And though they shaved my head when I was raging with fever, my wife herself, I was told, gave strict orders that not a hair of my tawny beard should be touched.

"Thus fate seemed to favor my deceit!

"Amy was constant in her attendance during my delirium. They told me she had never left me. But when I had again almost recovered, her old coldness returned, and the old barrier rose up between us.

"I wonder what I talked about in my madness?

"If I had discovered my secret, Amy made no sign. Only she drooped visibly, and as the October leaves strewed the ground, she withered too, and died—died with the old wish upon her lips that I might find somebody to love me.

"That somebody I never found—but the widower found a solace in watching the loves of others, and promoting their happiness. And now, knowing that the girl of your choice can never be yours unless you can obtain a goodly portion of this world's wealth, and loving you both as if you were my own children, permit me to enable you to enjoy a happiness which has never been mine, and to die with the consciousness of having desired, at least, to act for the best in this matter, before I go to meet Amy and Percy in that land where all hearts shall be open and no secrets hid. Oh, God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

* * * * *

And so ended this strange story of mingled good and evil. What lies before us, my Laura, in the years to come? Shall the monster of Deceit invade our Eden, and our confidence in each other's love grow dim?

Heaven forfend!

☞ A drunken fool made a sandwich of a five-dollar bill and a piece of bread, in Kansas City, a day or two since, and ate it amid the plaudits of the spectators.

☞ A youthful novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw his cigar away.

"Oh, dear," he said, "there's som'in in that cigar that's makin me sick."

"I know what it is," said his companion, pulling away.

"What?"

"Tobacker."

☞ In the late great storm in Paris a lady was blown through a plate glass window.

☞ An old bachelor at a wedding-feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

☞ The vitality of the human race is said to be on the increase. Hercules would have succumbed under the weight of invective that a life insurance agent will bear without winking.

☞ A Williamstown, Vt., man wants a wife. "She must be short, thick-set, with curly hair and keen, black eyes. Her age I am not so particular about, say anywhere from thirty-five to forty." He won't find his wife. There isn't a single woman in Vermont thirty-five years old.

☞ A student at Milton, Wis., set out to saw a cord of wood for a young lady whose heart beat in consonance with his, but by mistake sawed a pile of wood owned by another fellow's girl.

☞ A Scranton man went home, the other evening, and found his house locked up, and after infinite trouble managed to gain an entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife, reading: "I have gone out; you will find the door-key on one side of the door-step."

☞ David Brown, a notable hermit of Newfane, Vermont, died recently. He suffered a disappointment in love when young, which nearly unsettled his reason, and he developed an extraordinary passion for books, particularly books of travel. When forty-four years old he married, and lived happily for four or five years, when his wife died, leaving an infant daughter. After this he turned hermit, and for the last fifteen years had lived in a house alone, buying and reading books and writing poetry. In his earlier days he wrote and published five hundred copies of a small book called "Florence Mangrove," and it is said, though it seems hardly credible, that at the time of his death he had the largest collection of books and papers in the State.

☞ A Canada paper says, the female Rip Van Winkle at Kingston, who has slept for the last nine years with the exception of five minutes each day to take on fuel, has awakened.

☞ A woman in Birmingham, England, was lately fined $200 for giving a good character to a bad servant.

☞ The latest problem is, where does Rhode Island put 105 Post-offices with such names as Escobeng, Quonochontaug and Usquepaugh.

☞ Hunters in Northern Minnesota sit down on the top of a telegraph pole when they want to rest, and are then only a foot above the snow.

☞ The Louisville Courier-Journal says that it seems almost impossible now for any State to move in the first circles without a "modern Borgia."

☞ There was a society wedding in Washington the other day, where the groom wore black kids, wedded the bride with a diamond ring, and only took the chew of tobacco out of his mouth when he attempted to kiss the minister, as he supposed he must.

☞ A bill is before the Indiana Legislature providing that transient visitors shall not be granted divorces unless the alleged cause of complaint was a legal ground for divorce in the State where it occurred.

☞ Ministers make regular daily calls at a boarding-house block in Philadelphia, with the inquiry, "Anything in my line this morning?" There have been seven marriages in the block in the past few months, and from the number of couples that sit on the cold steps in the moonlight it is evident that business has only commenced.

☞ A South Leavenworth, Kansas, dog "sled rides" with as much vim and enjoyment as any boy in town. He drags his sled up hill, gets on and slides down, to the envy of less accomplished canines.

MY LADY'S RING.

"Dreams is more than dreams, mem," said Charles, the footman, in a deep, significant tone.

Charles was admitted to the room of which Mrs. Scarlet was the presiding goddess, on account of his "hexcellent heducation." He had been known to have attended several scientific meetings, and "Charles says" decided many vexed questions on historical and scientific subjects in the servants' hall.

"And, talking of dreams," continued Charles, "I wish somebody would dream where to find missis's ring."

The house in Grosvenor street, where the party of servants were having supper, was owned by a pretty old lady, rich and unmarried, courtly, of old-fashioned ways, who called her housekeeper "Skiarlet," and her chariot a "charyot."

The usually quiet and regular household had been sadly "upset," as they remarked, by the loss, within the last few days, of a diamond ring of great value, left by the old lady, as she perfectly remembered, on her dressing-table one Friday night.

There was excitement and distress amongst the Grosvenor street household. The cook had been seen weighing several carrots, the supposed weight of the lost jewel. She was hesitating as to the precise number of "several"—four appearing too many, and three scarcely up to the mark, when Charles approaching her with an ironical smile, informed her that, "Although the word was the same in hevery respect, still the jewellers' carrots do not belong in hany way to the kingdom of vegitables. Heverything being divided into kingdoms—diamonds too."

Charles was in livery, and did not therefore enlarge upon the subject as he might under other circumstances. The cook flung her bunch of carrots into a corner, and prepared to devote herself to other branches of the "kingdom of vegitables."

I was then waiting-maid of the dear old lady, whom I truly loved. I was a lonely creature, too, in those dreary days; but the comforts of the housekeeper's room were luxuries to one who, like myself, had passed her youth in a vain endeavor to aid her parents to work their weary way to independence in the bush. I was in Grosvenor street for a purpose, and sat amongst the servants silent and sad. To chronicle the orations of Charles was my great and only amusement. Why I endured those three most weary years I cannot even now explain. I could not have remained a day, had it not been for the love I bore my mistress.

We were a small but "select" party of four in the housekeeper's room, Scarlet, the housekeeper, Scarlet the butler (husband and wife), Charles and myself. Scarlet, the butler, was enormously fat. I think I never saw so large a head and neck. He looked quite imposing behind my lady's chair at dinner, but when he threw open wide the drawing-room doors to announce a visitor whom he thought it worth his while to introduce himself, then he was sublime. He was entirely honest. The pride and pleasure of his life was to protect the wealth of gold and silver plate entrusted to his care. He polished it, respected it and loved it. It was delightful to see him lifting a valuable soup tureen with parental tenderness from its bed of pink cotton. Nature had denied him children, so he adopted my lady's dishcovers.

He rarely spoke: but the day in question, over his cake and wine, he became animated; he, too, was under the influence of the painful state of things, and letting his enormous hand fall heavily upon the table, and turning his honest face toward us, said—

"If I had stolen my lady's ring, I would go hang myself?"

"You would save the hangman a great deal of trouble," sharply answered his helpmate, indicating with her finger his enormous throat.

The poor man was startled and astonished: in all the years of their married life his wife had never thus addressed him. She was not loving, but she was never cross, and they had sailed silently but peacefully many years together, on a most untroubled sea. At last he withdrew his eyes from her, and spoke no more. Charles, who had sought in vain an answering look from me, continued the conversation.

"'Aving our boxes searched is what hevery one would wish; but it's the most onsatisfactory thing a policeman does. What's to prevent my taking the ring out of my box, and hanging it in a bag up the kitchen chimney? Look at Mrs. Scarlet. Hold up, mim, hold up," said Charles, vainly trying to prevent her slipping down stiff and straight upon the floor. White as death: not dead though, for she shook like a leaf. We carried her to bed, and after some time left her recovering and sleepy. Scarlet, her husband, forgetting the recent insult, purring around her, as it were, and soothing her to rest. Poor old soul! The loss of the diamond ring and the consequent upset had been, we said, too much for her.

The season was over, my lady closed her house in Grosvenor street, and started for her place in Cornwall, taking Scarlet, as usual, in the carriage with her.

The weather was intensely hot, and my lady travelled at night, taking pillows and comforts, intending to sleep and be happy. Scarlet resolutely refused to tuck herself up, preferring to sit bolt upright to keep herself awake, a vain endeavor. She sank gradually but surely into a remote corner, uncomfortably doubled up, but fast asleep. My lady was awake, watching Mrs. Skiarlet with much amusement, when suddenly a look of horror crept over the sleeper's placid face. She screamed aloud, "The purse, the old leather purse! I took it out of the chimney. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! save a poor old woman! The devils are after me again." Scarlet sat upright, her eyes open, staring wildly, but fixed in sleep; she seized my lady's arm, and shook it. "Here, here, in the old leather purse—the diamond ring—take it, and go!"

My lady was brave as a lion. She knew the old leather purse that Scarlet had carried about her for years. In an instant she understood the situation, and with her bright little eyes glittering like steel, she stood over the sleeping woman, hissing out, in an agitated whisper, "You old serpent, give me the purse."

Slowly the sleeping woman drew it out, and, with the same horror-stricken eyes, gave it to my lady, who calmly took the missing ring from its depths and placed it once more upon her finger.

My lady let the woman sleep till the train was drawing up at Blank, then she woke her, waving her hand with the recovered treasure before the face of the miserable woman, who fell in a fit upon the floor.

My lady was gone when Scarlet recovered consciousness, and they never met again. My lady left her to her misery and her despair, but took no further steps to punish. Another housekeeper reigns in her stead. My lady refused to receive the resignation of her faithful butler, who brought it, with tears of shame, and with a list of the plate. After a severe illness he returned to his old mistress; and I have heard that the dishonest Scarlet derives the bread she eats from the mistress she had robbed.

Charles is fixed in his original opinion that "dreams is more than dreams, mem." He is now hall-porter at the Blank Museum, a post after his own heart. He may frequently be seen, and heard, escorting through the various apartments, little groups of his old friends, and explaining to them particularly the "kingdom of vegitables."

A VISITOR AT SEA.

The following ghostly *yarn* is from the repertory of an old sea captain, and though he no doubt believes it himself, it is likely that many of our readers will not have so much faith in the narrative:—

On the 24th of December, 1860, the barque Osprey, on her passage to the East Indies, was some three hundred miles off the Cape of Good Hope. She had met with terrible weather, and by stress of it had been driven out of her course, and out of the track of other vessels. The captain of the Osprey was also her part owner, and had on board with him (he was a widower) his only child, a beautiful girl of some two and twenty. Captain Grayling, it is needless to say, was extremely attached to his daughter, the last survivor of a numerous family. The Osprey's cargo was a valuable one, being iron, tin and cutlery goods, for the Indian market; and of course, in the heavy weather she had encountered, the danger she had incurred was doubled by the nature of the goods with which she was laden. We have said she was three hundred miles off the Cape; but in fact she might have been double the distance, for both the captain and the first mate, Josiah Matson, were uncertain as to their reckoning; and as on this particular Christmas-eve the weather, so far from improving, had grown wilder, both men paced the decks with anxious faces and knit brows, engaged in conversation of that stern, brief sort, where only few words are used, because life or death hangs on the decision arrived at.

"I confess I do not know where we are, Mr. Matson," the captain at last owned.

"Nor I, sir; I wish I did."

"In all my experience I have never known such continuously dirty weather, or been so much out in my reckoning before," said the captain.

"I think I would put her head about, sir, and beat up; I take it we are nearer to the Cape than we think."

The captain reflected anxiously, and was about to speak, when the mate uttered a exclamation of surprise.

"We are hailed, sir."

"We are *what*, Mr. Matson?"

"Hailed, sir."

"Pho, pho!" said the captain. "You are dreaming. There is no vessel within a hundred miles of us, if so near." And he began to propound his plans. But in less than two minutes the mate again interrupted him, with a white face. "Do you hear nothing, sir?"

"Yes, I hear the whistling of the wind, and the screaming of the sea-birds."

"But no human voice, sir?"

"Human voice! Why, where could it be, except on board here? Human—"

"A-h!" said Matson, shuddering; "not *human*, perhaps."

"Why, Matson, you don't mean to say you believe in the 'Flying Dutchman?'"

"N-o, no."

"We must take in another reef, Mr. Matson," said the skipper. "Give the order, please."

The mate went forward to obey, but the reef was no sooner taken in than he again came to the captain's side.

"Sir—Captain Grayling," said he in a voice of intense earnestness and anxiety, "we *are* hailed."

"Nonsense! You have taken a drop too much grog this cold night, Matson."

"It might be a stray boat from a ship that has foundered, sir," suggested the mate, passing over his superior's sarcasm.

"Boat, fiddlesticks! Now, *could* any boat live in *that!*" asked the captain, pointing to the mountainous seas, which were running almost mast-high.

The mate looked at the angry waves, and was fain to admit that any boat would be swallowed up by them in an instant. "Yet listen, sir; for God's sake, listen!" he said.

The captain listened, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens, I really *do* think I hear something!"

By this time two or three sailors had advanced toward the spot where the captain and mate were in conference.

"Boat hailing us, sir!" cried the old boatswain, touching his hat, and speaking with an air of great bewilderment.

The captain stared amazedly at the mate; then placing his hands to his mouth, he roared with all the power of his stentorian lungs, "What boat is that?"

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" was now distinctly audible to all on board the Osprey.

"It *must* be some boat from a derelict or a foundered ship!" said the captain, half to the mate and half aloud. But his face looked troubled.

The mate and the old boatswain shook their heads. "It is a boat from the 'Flying Dutchman,'" said one of the boldest of the Osprey's crew; "and a boat from that cursed vessel means a message of death to all of us, mates!"

"Too true, too true," assented his comrades.

By this time the boat had got alongside the Osprey, for she escaped the waves in a most marvellous manner. Although apparently buried each moment in one huge mountainous billow, she appeared the following instant riding safely on the crest of the next. It was a sublime yet awful sight, to see this superhuman cockle-shell defying the wrath of the vast seas, which threatened each moment to swallow up the Osprey herself.

The little craft was a long, narrow, coffin-like boat, painted entirely black, without so much as a white stripe to relieve her sombre hue. She was manned by four tall, gaunt, bony-looking seamen, with staring eyes and hollow cheeks, who appeared to be in the last stage of famine. The captain, who sat in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hand, was taller by many degrees than any of his crew. He was arrayed in a sailor's suit, made of jet-black cloth, instead of the usual blue. His black cap was surrounded by a gold band, and a large cloak of sables was thrown across his shoulders. His features were rigid as those of a corpse, so that the eyes were bright and piercing, and shone in the chasms of his skull like luminous globes of fire. The nose was high and aquiline, curved like the beak of a bird; the lips thin and blue, and drawn back over a set of gleaming white teeth. Altogether, the man looked like a partly animated corpse; and the captain and crew of the Osprey shuddered in a cold perspiration of awe, as the new-comer rose in his boat and saluted them, demanding permission to come on board. This was no sooner granted than, without the use of the ladder, side-ropes, or any convenience of the sort, he stood suddenly upon the deck of the Osprey, whilst the captain of the latter vessel and his crew, rooted to the spot, stood quaking, as if with some violent attack of ague.

"What ship?" inquired the stranger, politely.

"Os-prey!" gasped out the captain, by a supreme effort.

"Where from?"

"London."

"Where to?"

"Calcutta."

"Cargo?"

"Iron and steel goods."

"Something more precious, I think," said the stranger, with a horribly sardonic grin.

"I do not understand you," stammered Captain Grayling.

"He had but one fair daughter, whom he loved passing well," said the stranger.

The captain trembled, and grew pale as death.

"One fair daughter," persisted the satanic stranger; "Eleanor Grayling. Come, I want your daughter!"

"How did he know my daughter's name?" thought the captain. "It must be the devil himself. Oh!"

And he staggered backward, and leaned against the mainmast.

"Come, I am waiting!" said the unwelcome guest. Then he roared out to his phantom boat's crew, "Room there for a lady!"

Captain Grayling looked appealingly at the mate, who came to his assistance.

"Sir," said Matson, "Who and what are you? In the name of God—"

But he had no sooner pronounced the last sacred word, when instantaneously the stranger had gone from the deck, and boat, crew and leader had vanished like a flash of lightning.

Captain Grayling and Matson rubbed their eyes, and the crew gazed on one another like men in a dream. The incubus was removed, and they awoke as if it were from a nightmare.

"It must have been the Evil One!" said Matson, who was the first to find voice.

"No, sir!" replied sorrowfully the one of the crew who had previously spoken. "He were the captain of the 'Flying Dutchman,' that's what *he* were; and to Davy Jones's locker we shall all go. Not a man Jack of us will see dry land no more.

"Ay, ay, mate, worse luck," chimed in the rest of the crew, despondently.

"Then Heaven have mercy on us!" said the captain.

"Amen!" cried all.

And sure enough the Osprey, her crew and cargo, were never heard of more.

"HOME AGAIN."

This touching incident, narrated by a correspondent of the Capitol, is said to have occurred upon a recent trip over the Boston and Albany railroad. Its simplicity and natural expression makes one think of Dickens's style of telling these every-day incidents so charmingly:—

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man, who indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation, would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continued the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster. As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin deep down in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent! He moved them here, there, everywhere; he put them behind him, in front of him, on each side of him. He was evidently getting ready to leave; but as we were yet twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous.

If we had entered the city then the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger at last became so much excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some one must help him, and as I was the nearest, he selected me. Suddenly turning, as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair the meantime, and slapping his legs and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for six months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station; they've got it by this time." All he said this he rubbed his hands and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and the one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned, and he got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgetty movements.

"Well, I should think I was," he replied; "I hain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a lower tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; 'taint natural that it should, you know; I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again; it rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show you that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to your philosophy," said I, "you will continue to have sunshine because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, after a pause, "but the only thing which makes me think I'll get through safe, is because I think I won't."

"Well, that is curious," said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I'm a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed it—spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there; came within an ace of jumping off London Bridge. Went into a shop to earn money enough to come home with; there met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought thirty thousand pounds home with me."

"Good for you," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "thirty thousand pounds; and the best of it is she doesn't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a bee-line for home."

"And now you will make her happy," said I.

"Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog while I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making coarse shirts; and that's the way she lived half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not," and with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival that of Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shapes, and then swinging himself backward and forward in the limited space, as if he was walking down Broadway a full-rigged metropolitan swell. And so on until we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, had descended, and was standing on the lower step, ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried: "There they are," and laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of a way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eyes, and some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, was a little woman in a faded dress and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense, but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in. She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable-looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed toward the place where she was standing.

I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her. She didn't look pretty. On the contrary, she looked very plain, but someway I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into that position, but it never moved after that, save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinks her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped his portmanteaus, she just turned completely around with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her sobbing to his breast. And I turned my eyes a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their red eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother, who seemed as if the pent-up tears of all those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE RUSS ENGLISH CONTROVERSY.—The Atlantic cable announces that the central Asiatic territory, bordering on Afghanistan, is now the scene of an internal conflict, carried on between several native chiefs, and that "Fort Hissar," in Caboul, has been captured, and its commandant handed over to the Russians. Where "Fort Hissar" is situated is very difficult to find out, as the word "Hissar" means a castle, and is combined with the names of numerous towns in western Asia. The delivery of the commandant to the Russians, is, however, considered as indicating that the native chiefs look upon the Czar as an arbitrator in their troubles. These rumors cause great anxiety in England, where a constant panic exists as to the designs of Russia upon the British East Indies. Russia, it appears, is aiming at opening the old routes of travel between the extreme eastern and western parts of her dominions, and England does not seem disinclined to gratify this desire, provided Russia does not menace Afghanistan.

THE SIGNAL SERVICE, we were informed in the annual report of its chief, was to be connected with the Canadian weather bureau, so that storm signals could be exchanged, and the people on each side the border be thus benefitted. The arrangement, however, does not appear to have yet been carried into practical effect. The recent extraordinary storm, which turned Minnesota into a Polar region for a time, and caused such intense suffering there and over other parts of the Northwest, originally came from Canada. Had warning been given the United States Signal Service of its origin or progress in the Dominion, a part of its ravages in Minnesota might have been guarded against. The extension of our weather reports to neighboring regions, adds to the efficiency of this very valuable bureau, and consequently to our comfort and safety.

SMALL-POX is prevailing extensively in many cities. In Baltimore it is pronounced an epidemic, and active measures have been undertaken. It also rages in Washington City and places in the neighborhood. In Chicago there are a great many cases, and a large proportion of deaths. In Boston the deaths from small-pox average about fifty a week, and the number of cases is reported at three or four thousand. In St Louis, last week, in a total of 243 deaths, 92 were from small-pox.

ENGLAND had an enormous foreign trade last year, the aggregate being $3 046,690,000. The imports were $1,766,680,000, and the exports $1,279,810,000. In both these items there was an increase over the trade of 1871, the aggregate increase being nearly two hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars. England stands at the head of commercial nations, her trade far exceeding in volume that of any other country.

THE estimate is made that since, and including the Chicago fire, the United States has lost over $300,000,000 by great fires in the various cities.

☞ It is said that Signor Grattoni, one of the engineers of the Mont Cenis tunnel, has become insane from the use of mercurial hair dye. Let weaker heads beware! If a brain that helped to bore the Alps could not stand the effects of hair dye, how can those hope to preserve their equilibrium whose highest achievement at engineering is to run a tolerably straight dividing line over the middle of the cranium.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

WARNING TO UMBRELLA CARRIERS.

The man who walks the streets, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of Fourth and Vine this morning. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the point of the umbrella off by running his eye against it. The man swore and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize, and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately after carried the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his front hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a bystander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hooked handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked but that he hooked the entire umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose, the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand and plunged head foremost into one of Suire's plate-glass windows. In the excitement and confusion that ensued the umbrella was put in a hack and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.

CUNNING BILLY BANGS.

Billy Bangs is a collector of bad bills in Philadelphia. Everybody knows Billy here, and he collects the worst kind of bills—bills that people are willing to throw away, and which would be thrown away if it were not for Billy.

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Billy Bangs wears a very high hat—a family relic. On the top he has painted in flaming letters:

BAD BILLS COLLECTED.

Thus arrayed, with everybody looking at his hat, he goes and knocks at the debtor's office—stands around his door, and makes the premises look generally ridiculous till the debt is paid. Then Billy takes fifty per cent. of it and gives the rest to his "client."

Yesterday Billy Bangs was arrested. He went and stood around Dr. William H. Brown's office on election day. He called three or four times, always showing his high hat to passers by. By and by Dr. Brown got mad, and he went and kicked Mr. Bangs out—kicked him clear across the street.

Dr. Brown testified that Billy Bangs had damaged his good name—that he got all the neighbors to laughing at him, and that he was constantly doing this to good citizens of Philadelphia who failed to pay all their little bills.

The result was Billy's acquittal. The Court said they had no right to regulate Billy Bang's hats, and that he could wear a "ping" hat all covered with letters, with a town clock on it, if he wanted to. So Billy is now the terror of everybody in Philadelphia—who don't pay.—*Exchange.*

FALLING OVER A WHEELBARROW.

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolute anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

A TOUCHING EXPERIENCE.

The Danbury News gives an account of the vicissitudes of life as experienced by a young man in that place. He went to see a young lady, just having been previously to an oyster supper. As he neared the house he saw her father standing on the steps and hailed him. "Hello, old Tatpole; z'at you? Where ish my lovely gazelle? Where ish my love now dreaming?" The father looked at the young man, thinking he wanted something, placed his hand sadly upon his shoulder, turned him around, and filled the space under his coat tail with leather. The young man don't go there any more; he says small-pox is hereditary in the family.

ANOTHER clever gentleman has been deceived by the hydrants. It was New Year's, and he was rejoicing under the influence of about 1,000 drops of joy. He ran against a hydrant while homeward bound, working long longitudes. He happened to mistake the hydrant for a colored boy. "Ekuse me, sonnie," said he, patting the hydrant paternally; "didn't run you down because you was black. Grow up [hic] and be a useful man [hic]. Imitate [hic] my example," and here he laid a quarter on its nozzle, and went on with a lighter heart and the satisfaction that he had made one poor soul happy.—*Norwich Advertiser.*

MARK TWAIN is in favor of annexing the Sandwich Islands. He says: "We *must* annex those people. We can afflict them with our wise and beneficent government. We can introduce the novelty of thieves, all the way up from street car pickpockets to municipal robbers and government defaulters, and show them how amusing it is to arrest them and try them, and then turn them loose—some for cash and some for 'political influence.' We can make them ashamed of their simple and primitive justice. We can do away with their occasional hangings for murder."

WHICH?—Kate Stanton, in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men," asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about his parent. When the writer was a boy, he used to revolve around his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk strap.—*Danbury News.*

TO ACCOUNT for the belief that sausages are made from cats' flesh, the World advances this theory: Sausages are generally strung in links, and the lynx is a near relation of the cat.

☞ The life of an editor is not always free from care. They have to stand this up in Newman, Ga.: "Come and look, mother," said a little boy, "there goes an editor." "My son, you should not make sport of the poor man; you cannot tell to what extremity you may come."

☞ Creditor—"How often must I climb three pair of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?" Debtor—"Do you think I am going to rent a place on the first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BEULAH.

Is love's labor ever lost?
Ah! methinks they count the cost
Much too high, or love's return
Much too low; the heart that learns
Love's sweet lessons, knows full well—
Better far than words can tell!
That love is its own reward,
Whether good or evil starred.

Loving leaves a guerdon sweet,
Even as departing feet
Leave their footprints on the shore;
Though we know that never more,
Shall our loved return, to bless
With fond words and love's caress.
Yet the memory sweeter seems
Than aught else.—Lovers' dreams,
Though but dreams, are dearer far
Than those things that really are.

Really are! We little know
What is real! what is show!
Wealth and fashion, power and fame,
Houses, lands, possessions, name,
Are these real? Alas! that they
Earthy are, and pass away;
While the love of one sweet hour
Is an ever-blooming flower,
Ever here, and over there,
Even more divinely fair.

Never lost, the love we bore
In those early days of yore,
Has its mission even yet,—
Can the heart that loves regret
Love's dear self? The being loved
False and faithless may have proved,—
Yet love's self is pure and true,
And a blessing brings to you;
Love, the blessing—though it bring
Bitter pain, keen suffering.

Love's labor is not lost!
Though we purchase at the cost
Of a lifetime service, then
It is cheaply purchased—when
All of life is bitter pain
For love's sake, it still is gain;
Without love our every breath
Wasted is, and life is death;
With this power all else above,
Death is life—if lost for love.

MAGGIE'S VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"To-morrow will be Valentine's Day, Maggie. How many tender missives do you expect?" asked Edward Mitchell, as he entered the parlor, and found his sister standing by the window, looking out into the fast darkening street.

Were there really tears in her eyes, Edward wondered, as she turned toward him, or was it only some flash of the fire-light? At any rate, her voice was low and sad as she answered,

"Not one, Ned!"

"Not one! Why, last year you had them by the dozen! Why shouldn't you now?"

"I don't know. I don't care for any," faltered Maggie, and turned to leave the room, but Ned was too quick for her, and catching her in his arms, said fondly,

"What is the matter, Maggie dear? Can't you tell me? You know we have always told each other all our troubles ever since we were children; but now you are so quiet and sad—not a bit like my gay Maggie."

Maggie's head nestled down lovingly on her brother's arm, but she made no reply. At last, after repeated urging, she sobbed out,

"I was only thinking how happy I was a year ago to-night, and how miserable I am now."

"*Only!*" exclaimed Ned. "I should think that was plenty! But what has made you miserable, darling? Won't you tell me, and see if I can't help you."

"It's no use, Ned, and I'm ashamed to tell," answered Maggie, reluctantly; but, nevertheless, she raised her head, and her brother saw that she intended to confide in him, so he wisely made no reply, but sinking down into a large arm-chair, drew her into his lap, and tenderly laid her head on his shoulder.

"You remember, Ned," began his sister, hesitatingly, "that a year ago to-night, we were at Mrs. Ashton's party. At the close of the evening, you went home with Carrie Parker."

"Yes, because Fred Lincoln came up, and begged leave to see you home—so I told him he might, and I offered my services to Carrie," interposed Ned.

"Yes," sighed Maggie, hesitating still more, "I don't like to say it, Ned, because it seems bold and unwomanly—but indeed he *had* been very attentive all the evening," here the speaker shook her heavy curls so that her face was completely hidden, "and so he was during the walk home; and from the way he spoke, I fully expected a valentine or a note from him the next day, but none came. Then two or three days after, we met at another party, at Mrs. Stevens's, and after one rather earnest look at me, he bowed coolly, with a 'good-evening, Miss Margaret,' and passed on, and I have never seen him since."

"I remember," said Ned, thoughtfully, stroking his sister's curls. "He did seem queer that evening, for I met him as he was leaving early, and asked if he had been cutting me out again with you. He muttered something about not being so fortunate, and hurried. But Fred is a good fellow, Maggie, and there is some reason for his strange behavior, if we could but find it out. I believe his business keeps him in Boston most of the time. I see him occasionally, though he never seems to be at any evening party, which is doubtless the reason you have not met. When I see him again—"

"You surely will not mention what I have told you, Ned," cried Maggie, starting up, her face crimson at the bare idea. "What would he think of me? Perhaps he never cared for me at all; though I am sure I thought he did."

"And I thought so too! But never fear! I am not going to compromise you in any way. I only," but here Ned heard his mother calling him, and hastily kissing his sister, he ran out into the hall to answer.

"Edward," said Mrs. Mitchell's voice from the library, "are you going out again?"

"Yes, ma'am, presently. Did you want any errand done?"

"I wish you would just step into Mrs. Grant's and ask her for that pattern she promised me. It is so cold, I don't dare to venture out myself this evening," replied his mother.

"Yes, ma'am, certainly; I'll run right in for it now; there's time enough before tea;" and catching up his hat, Edward was in another moment on Mrs. Grant's steps, who only lived next door.

The servant ushered him into the parlor, and while awaiting Mrs. Grant's appearance, Ned amused himself by examining a beautiful fernery which stood in the bay window.

Mrs. Grant entered with the pattern while he was thus engaged, and after a few words relative to it, Edward said, "Is not your fernery too near the windows for such an extremely cold night, Mrs. Grant?"

"I think it is," she replied, "but I have no one to lift it. You know both my servant and myself are rather feeble. The truth is," she continued, "that fernery is really a trouble to me. It is so heavy, and I have no good place to keep it. But I do not wish to be ungrateful to the unknown giver." Noticing Ned's look of inquiry, she explained. "A year ago to-morrow, Valentine's Day, that was left at the door without any note or message. It was kindly meant, I know, and therefore I take all possible care of it."

"Let me move it," said Edward, and Mrs. Grant having showed him where she wished it placed, he easily deposited it there, but in the removal a little packet was shaken from some place where it had been hidden and fell to the floor.

AN UN-ALP-Y GUESS.

CAPTAIN MUSKET (to casual acquaintance:) "Visited the Alps this year?"
MR. CADD. "The Alps?—oh, yes! Dined with 'em frequently in Paris."

Picking it up, he was about handing it to Mrs. Grant, when with a sudden exclamation, he looked more closely at it, and hastening to the light, read aloud Maggie's name and address.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Grant in astonishment, "then it was intended for your sister, instead of for me. I am exceedingly sorry that such a mistake should have been made. And to think" continued the old lady with a troubled air, "that I should have kept it from her a whole year! Do pray take it home, and make my excuses."

"But surely, Mrs. Grant, you were not to blame," said Edward. "The man who brought it doubtless made a mistake in the number. I will take it to her," he added; and in an evident hurry, for an idea was beginning to shape itself in his mind, and he hoped that he held the cure for Maggie's sorrow.

Bounding up the steps, and rushing through the hall, never heeding his mother's summons, he burst into the parlor with his burden.

"Oh Maggie dear, look at this! Only tell me if the note is from Fred, and I'll leave you in peace to read it," he cried.

Maggie tore open the paper with trembling fingers, and with one glance at the signature, and a breathless "yes" to Ned, was utterly absorbed in its contents.

Edward stole softly away, and dutifully carried the pattern to his mother. Then after a few moments of restless waiting and wondering, he ventured back to the parlor.

"May I come, Maggie?" he asked, as he opened the door.

"Yes, indeed!" she cried, springing eagerly toward him. "Oh, Ned! How good you are! Where did you find it? Just read this," and she placed a beautifully ornamented valentine in his hand. It was dated just one year before; written after that memorable walk home from Mrs. Ashton's. In it Fred had told his love; how he had tried to find fitting words in which to make it known that night; but failing, had concluded to write instead. She had so much admired the fernery at Mrs. Ashton's that he ventured to send her one. He was obliged to leave the city for a few days, but would be at Mrs. Stevens's without fail, and if she then had on her hand the enclosed ring, (a richly chased circlet set with one exquisite pearl) he should know that she would henceforth be his Margaret, his pearl of great price."

"Heigh ho!" sighed Edward with a comical look. "If some folks would only be a little less romantic, and more content with common sense methods of doing things, how much better off they would be!"

"But you haven't told me a word of how you found it all out," said Maggie, laying her hand, upon which the long-lost ring, already sparkled, coaxingly on his arm.

"No! well then prepare to listen to a wonderful tale," said her brother, as he laughingly drew her to a seat. "But first tell *me* what you are going to do now, Maggie? Write and explain to Fred, or what?"

Margaret's happy face suddenly clouded. "I never thought, Ned. I was so glad to know all this," laying her hand on the letter, "that I forgot everything else."

"So I imagined," remarked her brother, provokingly, and looking at his watch in a deliberate manner. "Well, Maggie, you must wait for your story. I must be off. Can't wait a moment," he added as she attempted to detain him. "Tell mother not to wait tea," and he was out of the house with the last word.

"I'm afraid he's in Boston," he muttered to himself, "and if so I haven't a moment to lose. I'll run to his office first and inquire," and run he did till the police and sober citizens eyed him suspiciously.

"Mr. Lincoln was in Boston," the clerk answered to Edward's eager inquiry. "Was not expected back for some weeks. Was there any message?"

"No; no message;" but Ned would like his address; having obtained which, away he went at his former pace to the nearest telegraph station, where he hastily wrote the following:

"Maggie has but just received your letter. Come!"

This properly signed and addressed, was soon speeding on its way.

"That's all I can do," soliloquized Ned, as he turned homeward. "If he gets it in time to catch the late train, Maggie will have one valentine to-morrow."

Maggie had not only one, but many; but apparently the one most cared for was not a gayly ornamented missive, but a fine-looking young man, who early in the morning requested an audience, and to whom Edward on his admission to the conference, extended a most brotherly greeting.

An Eternal Leap Year.

Among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, leap year is eternal. When a young woman feels a tender passion for a young man, she seeks him at the residence of his parents, and addresses him as follows: "The goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come, and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse." She then addresses the father and mother and solicits their consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal she declines to leave the house, and such conduct is usually crowned with success. The parents of the young man never put the young maidens away if they still persist in their stay, believing that by doing so they would bring down the vengeance of Heaven upon their heads. That climate would be congenial to those of the "Woman's Rights" persuasion.

☞ I hate to hear people talking behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him and crying, "stop thief!"

(From the Ventura Signal, Dec. 29.)

BRAINS ON THE SLOPE.

How the Students at the California State University Improve their Advantages—Scene in the Class-room.

Scene—Ladies on one side of the room, students on the other.

Professor comes in and stands behind the long counter on which he keeps his apparatus and chemicals for making experiments, takes up a bottle and puts it down again, lights his alcohol lamp, and calls the roll—a very unusual thing, as the Professor thinks the ladies a sufficient attraction to induce all the students to come to his lectures. The Professor looks over his roll and calls out, "Mr. Cole." No answer. "Mr. Cole."

"Here."

"Stand up, Mr. Cole; I wish to ask you a few questions."

Mr. Cole stands up and looks as much surprised as if he had just seen some one rise out of the earth.

Professor—"Of what is ammonia composed?"

Student—"I am not prepared to-day."

Meanwhile the students have all been studying their note-books as if their lives depended upon how much each student could read over in the next five minutes.

Professor—"Next; Mr. Quinn?"

Student—"I don't think I know anything about ammonia, Professor."

Professor—How do you know that I intend to ask you anything about ammonia? Stand up, sir."

[Titter among the ladies.]

Professor—"What is air composed of?"

Student—Air is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and some carbolic acid."

[General laugh.]

Professor—"Take your seat, sir. Mr. Peabody, how do you make hydrogen?"

Student—"I don't make it."

Professor—"Then tell me how to make it."

Student—"I think somebody else can tell you how to make hydrogen better than I can."

[Applause.]

Professor (very angry)—"Young gentlemen, you see how little good my lectures have done you, so far; and unless you take notes, and study these notes, and also your text-books, many of you will be found deficient at the end of the term at examination. You came here for something else than to out up and have a good time, as you will find to your sorrow. I hope the next time I question you, I will find you better prepared than you are to-day."

The Professor now goes on with his lecture. Soon you find something between your feet. It is a foot-ball which some of the Juniors have brought into the room to create a disturbance with. You give it a kick and set it going. Others kick it, too; after a while, some one more bold than the rest, throws it over his head to those back of him (when the Professor's back is turned) and considerable noise is made. The Professor looks to see who is making the noise, says, "Be quiet, young gentlemen," and proceeds with his explanation.

In the meantime, those who are taking notes of the lecture are pestered, from time to time, by those who care nothing about it, throwing oak-balls at them.

When the time for closing the lecture draws near, the fact is announced by the scraping of feet, rapping on the backs of benches, and other noisy demonstrations. The professor says,

"I know what all this noise means; it means that the time is up. But you need not expect to go while you are making such a noise."

Some one of the students who reside in San Francisco, jumps up and says,

"Professor, if we do not now, we cannot catch the boat, and will have to remain over until 5.30."

Professor (looking at his watch)—"You can all go."

Strange Capture of a Murderer.

The power of conscience and the unbearable weight of guilt could not be better shown than in the case of the man Caldwell, of Coldwater, Mississippi, who murdered his employer, Johnson, and robbed him of $1,100 and escaped, leaving no traces behind him. Last Saturday Dr. Ritchie, who lives at a small interior town thirteen miles from Coldwater, known as Thyatais, was on a spree, and the murder at Coldwater being fresh in his mind, he accused every one he met, in a jocular way, of being the man who had committed the murder. Finally he met a stranger, and being just tipsy enough not to care what he said, addressed the stranger in the same manner.

"Yes—you—you are the man who murdered Johnson at Coldwater." A look of guilt overspread the man's face, and simultaneously he ran his hand in his bosom as if to draw a weapon. Dr. Richie collared him with his left hand, and with his right drew a dirk from his pocket, and told him if he attempted to draw a weapon he would plunge that knife to his heart in a second. He then commanded the man to withdraw his hand, which was speedily obeyed, when, instead of a weapon, he drew out the sum of $1100, which he dropped on the ground at his feet. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered around the doctor and his prisoner, and the evidence of the man's guilt was by this time so palpable that he was placed under arrest and securely tied.

The next morning the suspected man was taken to the residence of Mrs. Johnson by his captors. She at once became frantic, and begged to be allowed to treat Caldwell in the same manner that he had treated her husband, and it was with difficulty that she could be restrained from doing the prisoner harm. On the way to Hernando, Caldwell confessed to both the murder and the robbery, but gave no other excuse for the crime than the desire for the $1,100 which he had seen paid to Mr. Johnson and deposited in the trunk.—*Exchange Paper.*

Man and Wife.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and good sense in it:—

"Harmony in the married state is the very first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life? And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make the other feel in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

FARMER'S WIFE writes: "If a man dies in the State of Pennsylvania and leaves no wife or children, but leaves a mother, and brothers and sisters, and leaves money but no will, does the mother get all the money, or do the brothers and sisters receive a portion? Must a man be dead one year before his business can be settled, when he left nothing but money in the bank?" In such a case the brothers and sisters have no claim on his estate; the mother is the legal heir. An estate can be settled immediately after a person's death, but the administrators have a year in which to settle it, and are not obliged by law to furnish an account until the year has expired.

AMATOR COMMUNICATIONUM, (Stillman's P. O.) writes: "I sought information a few weeks ago, but received no answer. I now attempt once more to bleed you, with the hope of catching some information. 1st. Where did the phrase 'Over the left' originate? 2d. Why does the court impose a fine of six cents on parties sentenced for crime? 3d. Where and when was mesmerising first introduced? 4th. Did you receive my last letter?" 1st. The phrase, some think, originated with Morganatic marriages. These are European marriages in which the wife is much below the royal husband in station, and in which she does not take her husband's rank. The husband gives the left hand instead of the right to the bride during the ceremony. They are also called left-handed marriages, and are indeed marriages "over the left," not being considered legal in court laws. As a cant phrase, however, it may have originated anytime, with anybody. 2d. Because any penalty, however small, carries, we believe, the payment of the legal costs with it. It is thus a verdict of guilty enough to pay the costs. 3d. Mesmerism originated with Dr. Mesmer, a German physician of the last century. He was born at Merseburg in Suabia, and first published his doctrine in 1776, a year noted for a much more important declaration of principles. The idea of mesmeric action first appeared in a work on planetary influences, in which he contends that the planets diffuse a subtle fluid that acts upon the nervous systems of living beings. 4th. We do not remember receiving a previous communication from you.

X. X. (Tamaqua, Pa.,) writes: "Please answer me the following: When articles of copartnership are made out, is it necessary to make them legal and valid, that they should be recorded? Also, should each party hold a copy of the agreement, and then, perhaps, prevent in the future, any misunderstanding or unpleasantness?" It is not necessary. They are a simple contract between the parties, and are binding without being recorded. Certainly, each should hold a copy of the articles.

L. L. (Bates Co., Mo.,) writes: Will you be so kind as to inform me when my subscription expires? Also give me the pronunciation of the names Kloise and Lucca? It expires August 17th next. The names given are pronounced Kl-o-weez and Lew-ka. This is the ordinary pronunciation of the latter. We believe that Luc-ca is nearer the Continental mode.

R. S. B., (Trenton, Tenn.,) writes: "I, too, want to ask you a few questions, for information. But first I will say I am an old friend, and read my first story in the Post about twenty-eight years ago. It was called 'Marion's Man.' I was very much pleased with it, and to that story and the Post I owe my fondness for reading, more than to anything else. 1st. What is meant by 'Night's Swift Dragons?' The phrase occurs in 'Young's Night Thoughts,' I believe. 2d. What are 'Mother Carey's Chickens,' and why called so? 3d. Why is there nothing said about going to the South Pole? 4th. When may we expect to hear from Captain Hall's expedition? 5th. What, and where was the Parthenon, and what was it noted for? 6. What is meant by a tin, silver, and gold wedding? 7th. What is the estimated cost of liquor, tobacco and coffee, to the people of the United States yearly? 8. What is it in wine that reflects the ruby color?" 1st. We do not know to what the phrase refers. It may be some special allusion of the poet, that can only be discovered from the context. 2d. Mother Carey's Chickens is the sailor's name for the ocean bird known as the Stormy Petrel. Mother Carey is a corruption of Mater Cara. The French call them *Oiseaux de Notre Dame*, or Our Lady's birds. 3d. The attention of explorers has been so strongly directed to the North Pole, that they have neglected the enigma of the South Pole. Some interest has been excited as to the latter quarter of late, and a scientific expedition just starting from England has South Polar exploration for one of its principal objects. 4th. It will probably be two or three years before we hear from this expedition, if any determined effort is made to carry out its original purposes. 5th. The Parthenon was a temple consecrated to Minerva, the protectress of Athens, near which city it stood. It is considered the most exquisite specimen of Grecian architecture in existence, though now in a very ruinous condition. It was erected about 448 B. C. in the time of Pericles. 6th. They are parties given by married couples on the anniversaries of their wedding day, in which presents are given of a character denoted by the name of the wedding. The tin occurs at the 10th anniversary, the silver at the 25th, and the gold at the 50th. 7th. According to the report of Commissioner Wells, the people of the United States consumed, in one year, liquor to the amount of $1,573,491,850. For tobacco during the year 1871, there was spent in the United States $300,000,000, being $100,000,000 more than was spent for flour. The value of the coffee used in the United States is about $80,000,000 per year. 8th. Some coloring matter, whose chemical composition we do not know. You are right in your remark concerning wax. It has long been supposed to be a product of the flower, gathered by the bee. But the experiments of Dumas and others show that bees fed on pure sugar, still produce wax. This renders it probable that it is secreted by the bee.

SOLDIER, (Casey, Ill.,) asks: "I enlisted Dec. 3d., 1861, for three years or during the war. I was discharged Jan. 24th, 1864, by reason of re-enlistment in Veteran Volunteer Service. Under the pre-emption act would I be entitled to three years' time on this discharge? What per cent. is my hand-writing?" You had better address a note to the War Department at Washington, by which means you will probably obtain the desired information. We are not aware of the ruling in such cases. Your writing ranks about 25 per cent.

HART, (Iowa,) writes: "Can you tell me through your answers to correspondents if there really is anything that will promote the growth of the beard? I have read a good many advertisements of compounds, but do not like to try them for fear of being swindled. What do you think of my writing for a boy of seventeen?" There is one infallible specific. Blow, it is true, but sure. It is called time. We should judge three or four years steady application, in your case, would produce the desired effect, unless, indeed, nature does not intend that you shall wear a beard. Frequent use of the razor hastens the advent of the hirsute appendage. Your writing is inferior.

E. A. R., (Westport, Conn.), asks: "Is water rendered in any way poisonous by being drawn through galvanized iron pipe, as it is through lead pipe? I saw a statement in a paper of a death caused by using water drawn through galvanized iron pipe." We think this is probably a mistake. The death may have resulted from some quite different cause. Such statements are often hastily made, where proper examination would have shown that some other deleterious substance was present. Galvanized iron pipe is not galvanized at all, but simply coated with zinc. We have seen nothing to prove that water acts on zinc as it does on lead, developing poisonous properties. Such may be the case, however, and it should be scientifically examined before being brought into general use. A great deal depends on the water. Some water will corrode lead, for instance, and other water will not. Our Schuylkill water, for instance, can be drawn through lead pipes almost with impunity—as it soon forms a coating on the surface of the lead, which prevents any decomposition of the pipe. Other water will dissolve lead rapidly. Perhaps some water may be found that will also dissolve zinc.

[Several letters are laid over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Cut off my head and I form a portion of this republic.
Drop my two next letters and I am something we did yesterday.
My 5, 6, 4, is a beverage.
My 1, 4, 2, 3, is a point of the compass.
My 3, 4, 2, 5, 1, is an intellectual relish.
My 2, 6, 4, is a body of water.
My 2, 4, 3, 1, means to satisfy.
My whole is something all are willing to possess.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NAMES OF STATES.

1. A south rain, Col.
2. Land army.
3. No car, I fail.
4. Far Idol.
5. A writ is given.
6. No hail, Carrton.
7. Anna Livy's pen.
8. Aid Nina.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

BURIED CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. I shot the fox for Dan.
2. During the gale, Nate was hurt.
3. Do not nap lest they catch you.
4. The deve rose up and flew.
5. Did Hetty receive an answer?
6. They encamed in a valley.
7. He got the best one of all.
8. Tell him what Roy said.

Pencoyd. CHARLEY H.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Extended, a well-known plant and its fruit.
Vegetable production.
A thrust.
To penetrate.

II.

To emit rays.
To relieve.
A country.
To design.

A general term for the feathered kind.
A conception.
A quantity of paper.
A mistress of a family.

Pleasant Run, N. J. G. R. S.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The less of two numbers is to the greater as 1 to 2, and the logarithm of the less is to the logarithm of the greater as 3 to 4. Required, the numbers.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The window.

Why are wheat and potatoes like Chinese idols? Because they have ears which cannot hear, and eyes which cannot see.

Why is chloroform like Mendelssohn? Because it is one of the greatest composers of modern times.

When is a lady's cheek not a cheek? When it's a little pale (pail.)

Why should a teetotaller refrain from marrying? Because, if he got a wife, his principles would not allow him to sup-porter.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.

CHARADE.—Moon, light. ("Moonlight.")

WORD SQUARES.—

I.	II.
P E A	M I L K
E E L	I R O N
A L E	L O T O
	K N O W

III.	IV.
C Z A R	R O A R
Z O N E	O G L E
A N O N	A L O E
R E N T	R E E K

CHARADE.—Swansea.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—62.

RECEIPTS.

CALF'S-HEAD CAKE.—This is a useful mode of preparing calf's head, as it only requires half the head, so that the other half will make a second dish prepared in any way desired. Partly boil the half of a calf's-head with a little sage, then cut off the meat, put the bones back into the broth, and boil them until the latter is greatly reduced. Cut up the meat, and put it into the jar with the tongue, some spice (mace, pepper, etc.,) and a few small slices of ham; cover the jar with a plate, put it into the oven for some hours, until the contents are thoroughly done, then add the brains beaten up with an egg; cut up some hard-boiled eggs, put them round a mould, and pour the mixture from the jar into it. Let it get thoroughly cold, and turn it out. This dish may be made with a sheep's-head, which, if carefully scalded and soaked, will be found a good and cheap substitute for the calf's-head.

DRIED PEAS.—These must be soaked until soft, and then cooked as other peas; a very little sugar added will give them more of the natural flavor of green peas.

NICE CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.—Save a piece of dough from the last kneading of the bread; set it away down cellar, and let it be rolled out and baked on the griddle; when breakfast is preparing, or tea, serve hot.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Put one quart pared and cored apples, half tablespoonful of sugar, half gill of water, a small piece of cinnamon, in a small porcelain-lined kettle; cook and then strain through a colander; line a tin mould with bread crumbs, using melted butter to stick them on; put bread crumbs on top, after putting in the apple; bake it, and it will turn out of the mould; sauce of sugar, butter, nutmeg, raised.

MOLASSES PUDDING.—One cupful of New Orleans molasses; one cupful of chopped suet; four cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda. Mix well; boil in a tin pudding-boiler two hours; make a sauce of sugar, lemon and butter.

ROLL CAKE.—Three eggs; one cup of flour; stir well into it one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half as much soda; bake quick, and roll with jelly when hot; bake in square tins.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one cup of milk; two and one-half cups of flour; one egg; one teaspoonful shortening; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar and one of soda.

TO MAKE A HUSK MAT.—Get good, nice husks, one or two inches wide, commence with three strands and braid plain an inch or two, then every time you put a strand over put in a new husk, leaving the largest end up about two inches; sew them into a round form, oval or square, just to suit the fancy or the place where it is to be kept.

HARD SOAP.—Three pounds of German erasive soap, shave it up and put it into 12 quarts of boiling soft water; add 2 pounds of sal soda, 3 ounces of borax, and set away to cool. When lukewarm, stir in 1 ounce of liquid hartshorn. This soap is cheap and excellent for washing. As a toilet soap it is good for sore hands.